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PAUL PEVENSEY;\*

OR,

THE MAN FROM BELOW.

### CHAPTER X.

#### PAUL RUNS HEADLONG INTO DANGER.

Paul was soon at home among the beasts, and, under the direction of Tom Link, one of Wilkinson's men, quickly learned to make himself useful. Immediately after breakfast, on the morning of Paul's installation, the vans moved off towards the next town, the inhabitants of which in the evening came in crowds to see the animals. Nothing, of course, interested them like the tigress and her young ones; it was quite a novelty, for, in fact, till then the tiger had never been known to breed in this country.

Paul took to the young cubs, possibly from congeniality of character, and spent all his spare time in playing with them through the bars, giving them nice delicate slices of raw meat, and often cribbing the best part of his dinner to pamper their appetite. They, therefore, became fond of him, and when the old tigress lay in a sort of dog's sleep Paul would put in his hand and stroke them. Sometimes to show their affection they licked his skin, but with a tongue so rough that they almost fetched blood.

Wilkinson by no means discouraged this mutual attachment between Paul and the tigers, which having been whispered from one person to the other, increased the throng of his customers, numbers of whom came to witness their familiarities. Whenever Paul

was missing people always knew where to look for him: he was sure to be found by the tiger's cage.

As the intimacy went on our hero became more and more hardy, until at length one morning, observing the old tigress fast asleep, he softly opened the door of the cage and slipped in, taking care to shut it behind him. He then sat himself on the straw and played with the cubs till he was weary. They frolicked about, they leaped over him, they licked him, purred, and sprang about in the most uproarious manner. Still the mother slept. Paul and his companions at length lay still also, and by degrees the young vagabond, forgetful of his situation, himself fell fast asleep, with his head resting on one young tiger, while the other lay stretched across his body.

At this particular stage of the affair the tigress woke and came towards her young ones. She seemed apparently puzzled to discover three where she had only left two on going to sleep, and stood meditating in no inconsiderable perplexity, now looking at Paul and now at her own offspring. She evidently felt some difficulty to make up her mind as to what was to be done with the intruder. That he would prove good eating she could hardly doubt; but then he had become, as it were, one of the family.

As she was still undetermined, Tom Link passed by the cage and saw how matters stood. Without uttering a word he retraced

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his steps, went out of the van, and meeting Mr. Wilkinson close at hand was about to speak, when his master said to him,

"Why, what's the matter, Tom? you look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Oh, sir! that Paul, sir."

"Well, what of him? what has he been at now?"

"It's not my fault, sir," said Tom, "he did it unknowing to me."

"Did what?" asked his master, "speak out, man, what has he done?"

"Why, I'm blowed if he has not got into the tiger's cage."

"You don't mean that?" exclaimed Wilkinson, himself becoming terrified. "He has not done so, surely, has he?"

"Indeed but he has, though," answered Tom, "and I don't doubt but what it's all over with him by this time. I saw the old one standing over him, whisking the point of her tail backwards and forwards."

"Fetch my double-barrelled gun," cried the master.

Tom ran off, and Wilkinson entered the van. As he did so a new thought struck him. He walked along in front of the cages, and looking into that of the tigress as if nothing had happened, saw her still standing exactly as Tom had described. Beside the larger cage there was a smaller one, into which the tigers were coaxed, and secured by a sliding door while the other was cleaned.

Instead of shooting the tigress, as he had at first determined, he thought he would try to effect his purpose by stratagem; he therefore ran and fetched a piece of meat, and, in the usual way, called the attention of the animal to the fact by making a sort of noise with his lips. She was about to obey the summons, when Paul showing signs of waking, induced her to maintain her ground. He opened his eyes, and terror did for him what reason would hardly have done for the greatest philosopher—he lay perfectly still, riveted as it were to the floor with fear. The young tiger that had slept across his stomach roused himself at the same moment, and began to play with his shoe and lick it, the mother eyeing the process with the greatest interest and attention.

Tom Link entered the van with the double-barrelled gun.

"Have a care," cried Wilkinson; "make no unusual noise, and, above all, keep your eye fixed on the beast, to let her see you are not afraid of her."

"She will be vastly out in her reckoning," answered Tom, "if she swallows that."

Wilkinson now addressed himself to Paul, and said, "You young devil's imp, mind you don't answer anything that I say, but lie still and keep yourself ready to bolt when I bid you, else if you don't get swallowed alive I'm a Dutchman."

He then gave the tigress a call the second time, but either she was not hungry, or else she feared that something was hatching against her whelps, and would not stir.

The young gentleman of whose body Paul had made a pillow now awoke, slipped out from under the weight, and let down his head bang upon the straw. The two juveniles then approached the dam, and upon showing unequivocal signs that they were thirsty, they got her to lie down upon her side, exactly like a cat, and began to suck most lustily; Paul keeping his position, and breathing low that he might not attract the slightest attention. The tigress now yielded to maternal delight, purred in the most placid manner, and threw looks of pleasure and contentment around her cage.

Wilkinson and Tom had often stood to witness this operation, and therefore their being present did not in the least disturb her equanimity; at length, conceiving them to have had enough, she shook off her twins, and attracted by the smell of fresh meat, stepped slowly into the next cage, when the door was instantly closed upon her.

"Now, you young rascal," roared Wilkinson, come out of that; and let me ever catch you there again, you see if I don't walk into your hide; come, stir your stumps—out with you. Here, I've got my gun ready, and I was afraid I should have had to shoot the tigress with one barrel and you with the other; for if I had been obliged to shoot my beast, I'm blowed if I should not have given you a taste of it too."

Paul did not require any very pressing invitation to make his retreat from the cage,

but was out, as Tom Link expressed it, in a pig's whisper.

Wilkinson, half in jest, half in earnest, gave him a propeller with his foot, which Paul received as a mark of pure affection, and was out of the van in a twinkling.

## CHAPTER XI.

### IDIOSYNCRASIES OF TOM LINK.

We have already said that Paul soon made considerable progress in practical zoology, under the direction of Tom Link. This observation of ours cannot fail to have awakened the reader's interest in that personage, who is destined to cut so remarkable a figure in this history that to omit entering into some particulars respecting him would be highly unjust, both to Mr. Link and ourselves. Besides, it is a privilege, as the young Englishers say, to form intimacies with distinguished persons, a class to which Tom Link would have certainly belonged, but for two or three circumstances which may as well be mentioned now as at any less convenient opportunity.

It was some years since Tom's legs had parted company, one of them having been shot off by a twelve-pounder in the battle of Mahidpūr, where so many of the followers of Holkar bit the dust. This had led to a pension from the East India Company, and retirement from the field of glory, where he might otherwise have gathered as many laurels as George Thomas, or Scaramouch, or Dick Turpin, or any of those heroes whose exploits history delights to record.

Link, however, when he relinquished the noisy pursuit of fame, was not altogether without comfort. He consoled himself with science and erudition; having acquired a taste for natural history in the jungles, and a partiality for profound reading in the camp. Few persons understood better the whims and peculiarities of leopards and tigers, or were more conversant with those learned exertations which issue weekly from the press, and indulge in remarks, often profound and delicate, on the science political and things in general.

Our propensity for psychology has, we see,

betrayed us into remarks on Tom's inner man before bestowing that attention on externals which the wisest philosopher admits to be due to them. A man's taste for knowledge, or courage, or generosity, or penchant for the gentler half of the creation, would excite but little interest in his neighbours if he were not in possession of a body in which to enshrine those excellent qualities. There is no forming attachment for abstractions; you must project your transcendental essences into solid material forms before they can become susceptible of sentiment, or love, or hatred, or are able to give rise to emotions pleasurable or painful in other spiritual substances.

But to describe Tom Link's person is no slight undertaking. I know the man as well as I do you, and have smoked many a pipe with him, over a pot of stout, in the Brown Bear, at Newcastle; while mine hostess and the pretty barmaid were dying with curiosity to learn in what relation we stood to each other. They did not know, dear souls, that we had fought side by side during many a doubtful day; and that if he stood in the ranks, while I led them, that was no reason in the world why we should not smoke a pipe together in a remote country town, where chance brought us into each other's company after long years of separation. Besides, my left arm went with Tom's leg, and, for aught I can tell, may have been buried in the same grave—a fact which seemed as a basis on which to build up a sort of fabric of respect and sympathy. If I were a painter I would paint him. I have his figure and physiognomy before my mind's eye distinctly, but my pencil is a rude one, and my colours much too faint to do justice to Tom's fine outline, and the rich colours and contrasts he presented from top to toe. He was a man about fifty-five, neither tall nor short; square, muscular, active, with a sort of stateliness in his gait, which even the awkwardness of a wooden leg could not wholly dissipate.

A man who has faced danger, and often stood where balls and bombshells fall about like hail, and snuffed the scent of that sulphureous cloud vomited forth by musket and artillery, which rolls over the battle-field, and serves as a sort of curtain to keep away

the sun from the pale and clammy faces of the wounded and the dying—that man, I say, always has a sort of dignity about him, which was pre-eminently the case with Tom Link. Still, truth will not permit me to say he was handsome; no, he was very much the contrary. He had a great cocked-up nose, a long upper lip, and an extremely large mouth, well garnished with fine teeth, which his undeviating good humour led him constantly to exhibit. His eyes were light blue, and his hair and whiskers sandy brown, mixed with grey. Nearly all villains have shaggy eyebrows; but it must not thence be inferred that every man who has shaggy eyebrows is a villain. Tom Link was a living proof of the contrary. His eyebrows were shaggy, and ragged to boot, and had a sort of thick tuft in the centre, which the sun and winds of India had turned red. This peculiarity imparted a singular characteristic to his physiognomy, suggesting the idea of a wildness and ferocity which his mild eye and goodnatured smile belied. He was as brown as a berry, and had in his cheeks a few ruddy streaks, which showed through the thick sunburn like the red in the coat of a withered apple. Had he lived in the days when there were painters in Holland, a man of that painstaking race would cheerfully have spent five hundred guilders to come to England to see him, and his bland and friendly visage would have been immortalised; as it is, it must put up with such notice as we can bestow upon it. One peculiarity in that face might have exhausted the patience of a Dutchman. There was a sort of light over it, not proceeding from forms or colours, but from that inward principle which gives to human countenances their signification, and renders them loveable or otherwise.

In the matter of costume Tom Link had a fancy which may appear odd at first sight. He loved to dress like a sailor; and a smart fellow he looked, when, with his clean white canvass trousers, nicely-brushed blue jacket, broad-brimmed straw hat, bright plaid waistcoat, and rich bandana tied round his throat, while his clean shirt collar was thrown back carelessly on either side, he stepped forth on Sunday morning from the vans to take Paul

and little Fanny to church. It might be difficult to say why Mr. Wilkinson himself did not perform this duty; but he had his reasons, or fancied he had: he did not choose to leave the vans to the care or neglect of his other two assistants, Bob Sowerby and Mat Philpotts, two fellows for whom he entertained a limited degree of respect, though he kept them because he could get no better. Besides, as Mrs. Wilkinson always cooked the dinner herself, it was necessary there should be somebody to mind the baby and the other children, and Mr. Wilkinson was an excellent nurse.

On all these accounts Tom Link was entrusted with the management of Fanny and Paul, being, as Mr. Wilkinson expressed it, a decent sort of a Christian, though he had a wooden leg, which his master, by this clause of reservation, evidently looked upon as a damnatory circumstance.

On the way, especially in fine weather, Mr. Link would sometimes undertake to explain things to his youthful charges. He would repeat to Paul, for example, who had acquired below the practice of interlarding his conversation most plentifully with oaths, that swearing was an infernal bad habit; to which he generally added that he would be damned if it ever did good to anybody.

At this pious exhortation Paul, with an arch expression of countenance, would sometimes look up at his instructor, and inquire with much humility whether it was right to damn, if it was wrong to swear? At this question Mr. Link would look over a hedge, whistle a quick marching tune, and inwardly resolve to correct himself before he again undertook the reformation of others. But somehow his tongue was an overmatch for his caution, and he continued to inveigh, with occasional oaths and imprecations, against the horrid and ungentlemanly practice of swearing.

On these occasions the public, who were not privy to Mr. Link's little inward trials, usually pronounced him to be one of the "most cheerfulest" men in Christendom, and certainly, with Paul in one hand, and little Fanny in the other, he did look very much like a wooden-legged patriarch going forth to worship in the desert.



Paul was in all respects a beautiful boy, though considerably disguised by the awkwardness of his costume, which was that of a little peasant of the most rustic class—corduroy trousers, a blue jacket so long as almost to cover the lumbar process, a man's hat, a starched stiff collar, kept furthermore in its place by a check handkerchief tied in a huge bow knot before, and shoes each a pound in weight. But his countenance was radiant with cheerfulness, and his dark grey eyes indicated that peculiar constitution which has been supposed most favourable to the development of intellect, though accompanied generally by a certain fierceness, and an indomitable will. But among the most striking of Paul's externals was his hair, which Mrs. Wilkinson had not the heart to cut off. It was therefore allowed to fall in wavy masses over his shoulders.

Little Fanny, some three years younger than Paul, likewise fully deserved the notice she attracted. Her pretty figure was slender, and bolt upright, and her countenance cast in the sweetest mould imaginable. The blue of Fanny's eyes was that of a pale turquoise, that is to say, resembling the sky when modified by the slightest possible morning haze. Her mouth was small and ruddy, and she had the most richly-formed chin in the world, with a pretty dimple in it. Her hair, a light auburn, descended over her shoulders, and contrasted strikingly with the bright pink cotton frock in which her clean and careful mother delighted to dress her on Sundays. Her shoes, the contrary of Paul's, were light, and fitted tightly to the little feet which seemed scarcely to touch the grass as she tripped along in Tom Link's hand across the summer fields to church.

We have already commemorated Mr. Link's partiality for Virginia. Smoking was not allowed in the vans, because it was agreeable neither to Mrs. Wilkinson nor to the tigers, a fact which Mr. Link always thought one of the greatest mysteries in natural philosophy. For poor Mrs. Wilkinson's idiosyncrasy he did not much care, as he had seldom the honour of being in the same van with her; but that the tigers and leopards, real orientals as they were, should exhibit an aversion for so rational and social a practice was what he

could not comprehend. However, he only enjoyed his pipe the more when circumstances allowed him to fill its capacious bowl, to light it, and to inhale its fragrant smoke as he strolled lazily beneath a summer sky. It may be that this was one of his inducements to go to church, for he always lighted his pipe on leaving the vans, and kept it going up to the very church door. On coming out again, the pipe, which had lain *perdue* meanwhile in his jacket pocket, was drawn forth again, replenished, and kindled by the aid of friendly flint and steel; and it was always between the whiffs that he lectured Paul, or related funny stories to Fanny.

It occurred to Mr. Link that it would be a sad pity to allow Paul to grow up in heathenish ignorance, which he maintained was the mother of all sorts of wickedness; he therefore undertook, after working-hours, to teach him to read and write, and, by dint of perseverance, soon succeeded in putting him, as he expressed it, on the right track. He was just the sort of fellow to render knowledge palatable to a boy, interlarding his lessons as he did with stories and anecdotes, made perfectly level to his hearer's capacity. He was not exactly a comic genius, but he had, nevertheless, that sort of dry humour in his composition which tells exceedingly well with youthful and unsophisticated persons. The childhood of man, like the childhood of society, is tolerant of long-winded stories; possessing, as it does, an inexhaustible fund of curiosity, a love of the marvellous, a quick and almost intuitive perception of whatever is droll, grotesque, or ridiculous. Above all things, young individuals and young nations delight in action, in thrilling adventure, in fierce and sanguinary conflict. Paul was never weary of the incidents of the Mahratta war, but entreated Tom to go over the ground again and again, and tell how the dusky legions of the south gave way before our martial countrymen. In this way it was that Paul Pevensey made progress in letters.

## CHAPTER XII.

## PAUL AND THE TIGRESS.

All persons who undertake to narrate the adventures of strange characters must consent occasionally to have their veracity called in question. The thing clearly can't be helped. Few know exactly the bounds which separate the possible from the impossible, and, therefore, as often as they hear a startling fact, picked up beyond the frontier of their experience, they exclaim loudly, and denominate it apocryphal. A certain philosophical young Dane, however, who had during his short career turned his attention to a great number of things, observes that our philosophy is far from embracing the whole vast circle of existence, whether above or beneath the moon. The remark is judicious, which I maintain just now because it may possibly incline the reader to extend his faith to an incident considerably out of the common order.

Paul's course of education was far more varied than that of most heroes. He had learned in the coal-pit to support the presence of darkness and solitude, to comprehend the use of air traps, to curse and swear, and talk audaciously with man or woman. He was now daily making practical acquaintance with wild beasts of all sorts, and with those scarcely less anomalous animals, their attendants and keepers. Among these, Philpotts and Sowerby, two fellows of very different tempers, deserved, perhaps, the least notice, but nevertheless were not altogether to be passed over. The former was fat, heavy, short-winded, and as ugly as Beelzebub; the latter, tall and athletic, rather handsome than otherwise, though there was an expression in his eye which rendered those who looked on him uncomfortable. Still, as he used to say, "he did no harm to nobody," and therefore nobody had any right to complain.

Somehow or other, Bob Sowerby disliked Paul—partly because he was a favourite with Tom Link, who was Sowerby's especial aversion, and partly because he found him often in his way; nor was there any love lost between them, as Paul, who never knew how to keep his tongue in order, very frankly declared, both to Mr. Sowerby and everybody else.

With regard to the Wilkinsons themselves, the affection they conceived for the poor little vagrant whom they had taken into their vans was highly creditable to them. We wish fortune had placed them in a much higher position, because we could then without repugnance or blushing have pronounced a panegyric on them. Under the real circumstances of the case, however, we forbear, it being wholly incredible, although it was really true, that low people like them should have possessed the rare virtues of disinterestedness, charity, and benevolence. Low-born persons should always, by right, be distinguished for low vices. What business had a showman with generosity? What right had he, ass and drudge as he was, to take pity on any other person's child? It would have been more consonant with his calling to have shut the door in Paul's dirty face when he came crawling towards him at that most unseasonable hour. And then his wife, a quondam servant maid, was it not contrary to all rule that she should be gentle, affectionate, and full of commiseration?—that, having several children of her own, she should still be able to take to another woman's offspring, and watch over it, and even love it as though she had suckled it herself? We regret these anomalies and contradictions as much as the reader himself can, but it would not be altogether fair to misrepresent the qualities which Paul's new friends really possessed. By way of explanation, we may observe that some happy instinct taught the little wanderer the royal road to Mrs. Wilkinson's heart—he delighted to nurse her children, to play with and amuse them, and was always at her elbow when she most wanted him. In return, the little Wilkinsons loved him above measure, particularly Fanny and the baby, neither of whom was ever more happy than when under his care. Even the showman himself may have drawn from this circumstance an inference favourable to Paul's disposition, especially as at other times he never shrank from any work, however toilsome, to which he was set.

We wish, for the sake of solving a difficult problem in the science of human nature, that we had been a great philosopher, but destiny

having willed it otherwise, we confine ourselves to relating what we cannot explain. Paul was fond of the Wilkinsons, fond of Tom Link, but his peculiar passion was the huge tigress that on one occasion was so near making a dinner of him. When leisure served, he was accordingly always seen hovering about her cage, giving her nice bits, talking to her, coaxing her, and trying to win from her fierce eyes something like a recognition of his assiduities. Nor was all this devotion without its fruit. The tigress permitted him to smooth her head, and used at length to lie close to the bars that he might play with her huge paws, and touch her glossy and spotted coat, which no other individual in the establishment would have dared to put a finger on.

But the mother could not monopolise the whole of Paul's affections. He also loved her young ones; which, as they grew larger and more intelligent, obviously conceived a strong attachment for him. From a sort of association of ideas, not at all unintelligible, he called the mother tigress Kate, and the little ones Paul and Fanny; and they knew their names, and would each come to him when called.

When Wilkinson discovered this fact, he adroitly turned it to account; getting Paul to perform in this way before the public, which daily drew crowds to his establishment, and so greatly augmented his gains that, as he would often remark to his wife, there never was a more fortunate accident than that which had made Paul a member of their family. But no happiness, either of man or tiger, is lasting. Kate's cubs, little Paul and Fanny, sickened and died within a few hours of each other, leaving the fierce mother to endure those pangs from which the possession of four legs could not defend her. All who beheld the noble animal pitied her as she stood over her little ones, lately so sportive and playful, but now lying like rags at her feet. She could not and would not understand that they were dead; but took them up by the nape of the neck with her teeth, as a cat does her kittens, and carried them first to one corner of the cage and then to another, where she at length set them down, and putting herself in the attitude in

which she once used to give them suck, curled half round their dead bodies with a gentleness of maternal affection which even some women might envy. All who beheld that poor beast pitied her, but no one grieved like Paul, who sat down by the cage and cried till his eyes were swollen and his cheeks covered with tears. The tigress and he seemed to exchange looks of commiseration. Like her, he at first refused his food, and kept looking in at his former companions with the indescribable yearning of sorrow. At length he called Kate to him, and she came pressing her huge head against the bars, but looking at the same time askance at the two beautiful cubs which lay quietly together in death. Paul patted her and smoothed her, crying all the while. Even Wilkinson himself, who stood looking on, passed the cuff of his sleeve hastily over his eyes and walked away.

"By heaven!" exclaimed Tom Link, "I think there was some relationship between them."

"Why, so there was," answered Wilkinson; "for they were God's creatures as well as he."

"You are right, sir," returned Link; "and as fine creatures as ever sunned themselves in a jungle. But there's no help for it. You must now get them out and bury them, for Kate will neither eat nor drink while they remain in her sight."

"It will be no easy job," observed the showman.

"No, it won't," rejoined Link; "but she must sleep some time, and when she does we'll steal a march upon her."

Accordingly the bodies of the little tigers were in the course of the night withdrawn, and Tom Link undertook next day to prepare their skins for stuffing. Paul, however, went sobbing to bed, and the first thing in the morning was again at the tigers' cage, which had now become an object of great interest to the whole family. The bereaved animal seemed literally beside herself, moving incessantly round her prison, looking in vain at every corner a thousand times, and uttering that low affectionate growl by which she used to call her little ones to her.

"Well, I can't stand it," cried Paul; "it'll break my heart to see her."

At the sound of his voice the tigress stopped, and coming up close to the bars as usual, looked him full in the face.

"Sir," said he to Wilkinson, "she's asking me for them. Oh, sir, isn't it a pity?"

"It is a pity, my boy," answered Wilkinson; "but it can't be helped. We didn't do them no harm."

"No," answered Paul, "I would have cut off my right hand first."

"You're a fine fellow," cried Tom Link.

"And now," said Paul, "she won't eat nothing, and you'll see she'll die."

"God forbid!" exclaimed the showman; "she cost me I don't know how much; and, besides, I like the beast, she was so fond of her young ones."

"And of me," said Paul.

"Just so," answered Wilkinson; "but she has you yet to be fond of, Paul, you know, and you had better try to comfort her."

"So I do, sir," said Paul; "but she won't hearken to me. See, she's going round the cage again, looking about everywhere; snuffing the bars and licking the ground, where their little feet used to be. Her heart aches, I'll warrant it, and she'd cry, if she could."

"No doubt of it," observed Link; "them beasts has natural affection like other people. Call her to you, Paul, and pat her head; it'll be some comfort to her, poor thing."

Wilkinson, who, as he afterwards told his wife, didn't like to make an ass of himself before his assistants, had now walked out of the van, and Paul and Link only remained looking at the magnificent creature, that came up when she was called, and stood still to have her head smoothed. She then turned round and threw herself on the floor of her cage, exactly as she used to do when about to suckle her young ones.

"Ah, there 'tis," cried Paul; "she can't see me without thinkin' on 'em. Let me in, Mr. Link; I'll suck her myself."

"Well," cried Link, "I do think she wants you to come in, Paul. She isn't angry now. I know tigers well. She's as soft as mother's milk. Just open the cage,

my boy. I wouldn't harm a hair of thy head, Paul; but I'll trust thee with her, with all my heart."

"Poor creature!" cried Paul, "she won't touch me," and Link withdrew the bolt, and Paul creeping in on all fours, nestled close to the tigress, which never stirred, and with the utmost fearlessness began to suck her. The beautiful animal, relieved and soothed, purred gently, and throwing her paw over Paul, gradually dropped asleep. Link, half afraid of what he had done, now stepped softly out of the van and communicated the fact to Wilkinson.

"As sure as God's in heaven," cried he, "you'll be the death of that boy."

"No, I shan't," answered Link. "I know them beasts; there's gratitude in 'em, sir; and if you use them well, they won't eat you. Just come and look at 'em. 'Tis for all the world like a cat and kitten."

Wilkinson accordingly entered the van, and afterwards went and fetched his wife, who, on seeing Paul's danger, was about to utter a loud shriek, when her husband, putting his hand upon her mouth, said softly, "Mind what you're about, Mary; if you frighten the beast she might do him some mischief."

"Do him some mischief, William!" exclaimed the wife. "Why she'll surely eat him."

"No, ma'am," said Link, "she won't harm a button of him. He's just a sort of cub to her; and she'll take to him like one of her own young ones."

Mrs. Wilkinson, though pale and trembling, looked on with interest; Paul had himself fallen asleep in the tigress's maternal embrace, and there was nothing to be done but to allow both him and her to wake when they pleased. They took it easy, however, and seemed in no hurry to emerge from their pleasant dreams. I say pleasant, because Kate's huge smellers appeared to curl with delight, while a subdued and gentle purr gave further token of her satisfaction. When at length they did awake the sight was wonderful. The tigress turned her strange nursing over and over again; placed first one paw upon him, and then another, growling happily all the while, as though she had re-

covered one of her own whelps from death. It seemed quite clear that she did not intend to injure the boy; but when after a while she again fell off into a nap the bolt of the cage was gently withdrawn, and Paul slipped out.

For some few days Wilkinson permitted the above scene to be repeated, to the infinite entertainment of the crowds who were admitted to witness the extraordinary exhibition. But as each time the tigress became more and more sullen after Paul's withdrawal, he determined to put a stop to the thing, however profitable it might be, as the boy's life, he said, was more precious to him than any "lucre of gain." Still this was a great sacrifice, for, besides that it brought grist to the mill, there was evident danger that Kate would turn sulky and starve herself; and this, in fact, happened.

At first, when Paul refused to enter, the poor animal threw herself violently against the bars, rolled about, roared, and exhibited unequivocal signs of fury. Of these paroxysms Paul could not be the witness, but sat crying in some corner till Kate became quiet again. She, however, refused her food, pined away, and, in the course of a fortnight, died. This catastrophe produced a powerful effect upon Paul's mind, rendering him more thoughtful and reflective, and teaching him how powerful a thing affection is, even in creatures destitute of reason.

When a new tiger was purchased he resolved to take no particular notice of it, and thenceforward distributed his attention among all the animals alike.

Diversified by such incidents, Paul's life flew on. Tom Link's instructions were continued more or less regularly, until at length the pupil was able to read almost as well as his teacher. Among Link's peculiarities was a partiality for the drama, on which he would often descant most eloquently to Paul, observing, that but for certain accidents he might have taken to the stage, where he felt assured he should have earned a brilliant reputation, and escaped limping for the remainder of his life on a wooden leg.

"But what must happen will happen," he used to say; "and there was no help for it."

As often as they were located in a town where there was a theatre, or a company of

players performing in a barn, Mr. Link was sure to be among the audience. Occasionally he was permitted to take Fanny and Paul along with him, by which means he imbued their minds with a love of his favourite amusement.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### PAUL'S MINOR GRIEVANCES.

Over much of Paul's early career we must skip, for though it may have been, and was, exceedingly pleasant for him, a minute account of it might not prove so to the reader. The years flew on, the summers and winters succeeded each other, and the Wilkinsons saw their children increase and grow up about them. The multiplication of the family had rendered a servant maid necessary; but, as the showman's wealth increased still more rapidly than his encumbrances, he did not, as he observed, much care for a slight addition to his expenditure. However, the addition was not very slight. He had now fourteen vans, the inmates of which required the services of several new attendants. Still his habits, as well as those of his family, being economical, he found himself growing wealthy, and forming numerous schemes and projects to augment his substance, as is usually the case when people are fortunate.

Paul, now twelve years old, was extremely tall and stout for his age, full of spirit and audacity, fiery, quarrelsome, and fond of fighting, so that he was seldom without a black eye, a sprained thumb, or broken shins. On this subject Mrs. Wilkinson often lectured him.

"You should'n't do no such thing, Paul," said she; "you'll one of these days get your eyes poked out, or your legs broken, or something of that sort, and then you'll be a pretty figure for the rest of your life; and you know you're like my own child, Paul. But you don't love me, nor Fanny, nor the rest of the children, or else you would'n't do it to vex us. Besides, I always expect Wilkinson to lay the stick about your back, when you come home with your face all black and blue and your clothes half torn to rags."

"Oh, there's no fear of his beating me," replied Paul.

"Why not?"

"Because, ma'am, he tells me to fight."

"Tells you! Does he? He must be mad, then; mind, however, that I tell you not, and if you speak the truth when you say you love me like your mother"—

"So I do, ma'am," cried Paul, interrupting her.

"Well, then, if that be true, does I bid you."

"I wish I could, ma'am, but I can't."

"Can't, why, what's to hinder you?"

"They point to me as I go along the street, and sing out 'That's the boy what sucked the tiger,' and then I run after them and give 'em a punch in the mouth, and that leads to fighting, you know."

"Well, to be sure, it's very provoking, but couldn't you look big and walk on?"

"Sometimes I do, ma'am, but then they say I'm a coward, and that's what one can't stand no how."

"Of course, it's very aggravating, and I don't know what's to be done."

"There's nothing to be done, ma'am, but to let me lick 'em; they won't be quiet at all. It was only just yesterday, that a big fellow, almost as tall as Mr. Link, com'd up to me and said, 'Show us your paws, old fellow, I s'pose you've got claws like your nurse!' My blood was up in a moment, and I gave him a rap on the nose that brought his claret like winkin'. The boys that stood around for once took my part, and cried out, 'That's right! go it, young tiger,' and I felt so savage that I could have pitched into 'em all. However, as the big lubber didn't want to fight, but went off bleeding like a sheep, I said nothing, but marched home."

Fanny, who stood by, listening to this story, looked up affectionately into Paul's face, and said, "The only way to keep from fighting is not to go out by yourself. You can take me, or Jemima, or Susan with you, and then they wouldn't be such cowards as to strike you."

"No, but they'd call after me, though, and provoke me to strike them."

Fanny was silent.

"I'll tell you what," said the mother, "I'll get Wilkinson to walk out after you two or three times, and if they misbehave themselves he shall thrash them."

"As you please, ma'am," answered Paul, "but you'd better leave it to me. I can fight my own way, though I promise you I'll pick no more quarrels than I can help."

"I'm puzzled," cried Mrs. Wilkinson, "how they managed to get hold of the story of the tigress."

"Oh, it's Bob Sowerby that sets the thing going. He, just for the sake of mischief, tells two or three boys, and then it runs about every new place like wildfire."

"But why does Bob Sowerby do that?"

"He don't like me, ma'am."

"Why don't he like you?"

"Don't know, ma'am, only he says I'm a little rascal, and that he'd kick me out of the vans if he had his will."

"Oh, indeed! well, well, we'll see to that. Perhaps he may get kicked out himself before long. I'll speak to William about that."

"No, don't send him away, ma'am," cried Paul, "I'm not in the least afraid of him, though I do hate him as much as he hates me."

"But why don't you want him to be sent away, then?"

"Because may be he couldn't get anything else to do, for he's main lazy, you know, and then he'd come to want grub."

"Paul's a good boy," cried Fanny; "and, as Mr. Link says, returns good for evil."

"You won't send him away, ma'am?" inquired Paul. "I'm sorry I told about him. Do promise me this time."

"Yes, do mother," cried Fanny.

"Well, I won't; but when he's saucy to you next, tell him he shall pack, and that I said so."

Upon this sage advice Paul acted; and, at the first fitting opportunity, gave Bob Sowerby distinctly to understand that if he didn't mind what he was about he'd have to make himself scarce, and he gave Mrs. Wilkinson as his authority. Mr. Sowerby smiled—not because he was particularly pleased, but at some queer idea that just then flitted across his brain. His manner towards Paul, however, greatly changed. Instead of being rough, he became bitter and malicious; steering clear of open offence, but practising a series of petty annoyances, which could scarcely be specified.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE GIPSY BREAKFAST.

It was now the middle of summer, and Mr. Wilkinson determined to move northward as far as the borders of Scotland. Quitting the town at which they had remained for several weeks, he put his vans in motion early one morning, and struck into a road leading towards a picturesque valley, close to a river of great breadth and beauty. Paul, who had now learned to make himself useful in various ways, was allowed, as a great favour, to drive the first van, in which were Mrs. Wilkinson and some of the children. Tom Link drove the next, containing the other children and the servants; while the showman himself walked to and fro, superintending the movements of the whole cavalcade.

Mrs. Wilkinson, with a baby on her lap, sat on the front seat beside Paul; who, rude and ignorant as he was, could not help being inwardly delighted at the magnificent scene before them. About five o'clock they reached the brow of an eminence, commanding a prospect of a large portion of the valley, which was hemmed in on either side by gentle hills, and dotted with hamlets and farmhouses, and clumps of trees, and innumerable cattle; some lying down, others grazing, while others appeared to be ruminating upon the landscape, like so many connoisseurs. Here you saw a splendid cow, with spotted sides and long distended udder, patiently expecting the milkmaid, and in the interim lazily whisking about her tail to keep off the early flies. There a huge bull, with enormous neck, short sharp horns, and eyes indicative of ferocious courage, standing up to his belly in the dewy grass, and looking about like an eastern sultan, proud of his power and his seraglio. But the most beautiful feature of the whole was the broad placid river, reflecting the figures of trees and bushes, and all that nameless luxuriance of vegetable life which fringed its margin. Here and there antique bridges, grey as clouds, spanned its channel, leading from village to village, and traversed even at that hour by some portion of the rustic population, proceeding to the labours of the field. Sounds of life and joy rose everywhere through the atmosphere;

the cows were lowing, dogs were barking, at a distance, the birds filled every brake and tree with out-gushing music, which Paul thought delicious; overhead the sky looked like a canopy of turquoise, clear and brilliant, and worthy to form the roof of that abode of vitality and pleasure.

"Isn't it nation fine, ma'am?" said Paul, turning round to Mrs. Wilkinson.

"Indeed, it is very sweet," answered she.

"It reminds me of a place in Devonshire, where I lived when I was a girl. It isn't quite so beautiful, though; but it's very pretty."

"Shouldn't I like to swim in that river now!" said Paul.

"Oh, dear, no!" cried Fanny, "you mustn't swim, Paul, you'd be drowned."

"It's people that can't swim that are drowned," answered he.

"No," observed Mrs. Wilkinson, "it's just the contrary. People that can't swim never venture out, but those who can are venturesome; and as they often get the cramp in cold water, they go down plump like a stone."

"What is this young shaver palavering about?" cried the showman, just then coming up.

"Why, William, he says he should like to swim in the river."

"It's a devilish good notion," answered Wilkinson. "His ugly mug wants washing, and if we can find a snug spot by-and-by in the heat of the day, I'll take a dip myself."

"Oh! if you go," replied the wife, "there'll be no harm, for you'll take care of him."

"Why, he can swim, and I can't," observed the showman.

"That's just it," said his wife; "he may go out beyond his depth, and get the cramp."

"Well, Link, what now?"

"Why, sir, the children say they're hungry, and want their breakfast."

"Already, man! nonsense! I tell them we're looking out for a nice place, and as soon as we can find one, we'll have it. You've got the watch, Mary; what's o'clock?"

"It's just half-past five."

"Well I should have thought it had been later by the sun, and to tell the truth, I feel a little peckish myself."

"Sir," observed Link, "there is a spot there, a little ahead, which will make a nice halting-place; just where the hill bends in, and the road is overhung with trees."

"Very well, Link," replied Mr. Wilkinson, "we'll halt there."

When the line of vans had reached the point indicated they stopped accordingly, and a number of interesting operations instantly commenced. Mrs. Wilkinson, Sarah the maid, and Paul, attended to the children and the breakfast, whilst the showman proceeded to superintend the feeding of the animals. They had selected a delightful spot in which to enjoy their morning meal. Under the shade of vast and cheerful old oaks, which, growing on the sharp slope of the hill, threw out their long and tortuous boughs over a broad patch of soft green sward, gently sloping upward from the road to their feet. On the other side, stretching down all the way to the river, was a scattered grove of elms and beeches, between whose mazy and tufted foliage the sunshine streamed in golden brightness, here and there falling upon the grass in quivering patches. Between their stems, rough or shining, according to their nature, a deliciously soft breeze, to feel and inhale which was a luxury, breathed perpetually.

Here the little Wilkinsons ran about joyously, with their hair streaming over their shoulders, forgetting even their breakfast in the happiness of the moment. Nearly all the accessories of the scene were English—the trees, the short green grass sprinkled with daisies and other wild flowers, the broad, level, well-kept road tempting the wayfarer to journey upon it, the neighbouring river, the distant church spire embosomed in trees, the gently-swelling hill, and the soft bright sky reflecting its radiance and serenity into the depths of the soul. Everything was not English. Far and wide, through the startled avenues of the wood, and through the whole length of the valley, resounded the roar of the lion, which might have persuaded one who heard it from a distance that he stood within the tropics, and that those towering masses of verdure were of Asiatic, not British growth. The bears, too, the tiger, and the leopard joined in a chorus of growls over

their breakfast, scaring the mower and the milkmaid, who were pursuing their different avocations in the distant fields. During summer the Wilkinsons, when in the country, lived like gipsies, cooking their meals and eating them out of doors. On the present occasion they set up their iron triangle at the foot of a splendid oak, and kindled a blazing fire with the sticks which Paul had gathered. Mrs. Wilkinson having brought out an immense table cloth and spread it on the grass, proceeded to make the tea, cut the bread and butter, and bacon, and lay out her tea things, while Sarah put on the children's nice white pinafores, and got them ready for breakfast. At a little distance, the wives of two of the attendants got ready their meal, and by half-past six the whole party was stretched on the grass, despatching the good things before them, and making themselves as merry as princes. Wilkinson, as he sat with his plate upon his knee, and his cup of tea on the grass at his side, looking over the interesting group, might have been complimented as a happy man, and so we fancy he was. He loved his wife and children affectionately, and was beloved by them, though little was ever, perhaps, said upon the subject. No wonder, however, that he loved his wife, for she was a charming person, full of fresh and affectionate feeling, sensible, careful, and an admirable mother to his children. When they were ill, nothing could exceed her tenderness and solicitude. She watched over them, he used to say, like a lioness, and had she been called upon to do so, would have given the life-stream from her breast to preserve any one among them. But was Mrs. Wilkinson quite happy? Not so. A little green mound in the churchyard of a country hamlet revealed that she had been acquainted with sorrow, and the vans had often gone twenty miles out of the way to enable her to visit that spot, and shed the rain of the heart there. But Mrs. Wilkinson was a pious as well as an affectionate woman, and the soul of the little inhabitant of that mound seemed often to appear to her in sleep, and bid her not to grieve, for that it had reached that haven of rest where there was no more suffering, and where God wipes away all tears

from all eyes. Upon this subject Mrs. Wilkinson appeared to be thinking as they sat at breakfast, with her youngest child on her lap, and another little one nestling close to her side, stuffing bread and butter, and listening to Paul, who was the favourite and merry-andrew of the family. Fanny had contrived to edge off the plate from her father's lap, and to place herself there before he had finished his first cup of tea.

"Don't you think, Mary," said Wilkinson, addressing his wife, "you would like to have a house in this place, and live here altogether?"

"No, William," answered she, "I shouldn't like to live any where."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that I like our wandering life best. I don't think it's good to be fixed like a tree to one spot. I've often thought how much I should be delighted to pass the life of a swallow, always in summer weather going from country to country, and seeing new things every day. The only thing I should want would be to have you and the children with me."

"And me too, ma'am," said Paul; "I hope you'll take me with you."

"Oh! of course," answered she, laughing, "I couldn't think of leaving you behind."

"I hope not, ma'am," said Paul; "I couldn't live no way without you."

"You're a little humbug, Paul," cried Wilkinson; "you know how to creep up her sleeve."

"And can't I creep up your's, too?" said Paul.

"Perhaps you can, my boy," replied the showman. Then, assuming a very serious tone, and addressing himself to his wife, he said, alluding evidently to some former conversation, "Do you persist in it, Mary, and will you really go to-night?"

"Yes, please God," answered she; "it won't be above a mile or two, so that we can come back quite early." And the tears started from her eyes as she spoke.

"Well," replied he, "we'll go together; but it isn't wise, Mary, to grieve so, when you know you've so many left."

"No, indeed, William, it is 'nt, but I can't help it."

At this moment a beautiful Newfoundland dog came bounding along the grass, leaping on both parents and children, and almost knocking them down in its boisterous affection.

"Come here, Cæsar!" cried Mrs. Wilkinson; "here's a piece of bread and butter for you; take that, and be quiet."

Cæsar did as he was ordered, and lay down at her feet, gnawing the large crust she had given him, and looking watchfully in her face all the while.

"It is very curious," said she, "that Cæsar should have come up that moment, he seemed to know who we were talking about."

"It really looks like it," said Wilkinson, "he was so very fond of her."

"We'll take him with us," said the wife, "though if the poor creature knew where he was going he would be miserable, I am sure."

"Say no more about it, Mary, here's Link coming."

"Sir," said the old soldier, "shall we move on with the heavy vans, as they creep along so infernal slow, that we shan't else reach the town before night?"

Mr. Wilkinson having given his consent, the party was soon in motion again, the family now bringing up the rear.

### THE COT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, BY A. S. BUSHEY.

Where the wild waves beat upon the strand,  
A little cot is seen to stand;  
Around it smiles no patch of green,  
Nor shrub, nor flow'ret gay, I ween,  
But sky alone, and sea and sand,  
The view that cottage can command;  
Yet there a Paradise is found—  
*Love* doth within its walls abound.

Nor gold nor silver there appear,  
But two that hold each other dear;  
On smiling lips affection lies,  
And eyes look into loving eyes;  
No angry thought may there find birth—  
Forgotten is the whole wide earth,  
With all its joys, its pomp, its strife—  
Heart mingles there with heart for life.

## JEREMY JOLLYBOY'S PANTOMIME;

OR

AN OLD BACHELOR'S GARRET-WINDOW.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

My uncle, Jeremy Jollyboy, was what is called a determined old bachelor; whether from determination of his own or that of the ladies in general, the ladies must be the best judges. However, I don't think Jerry took it much to heart, for I remember him always as easy, comical, good-tempered a little fellow as ever dipped into the laughter-loving pages of the celebrated *Punch*, or chuckled over the irresistible ones of the *Man in the Moon*; to which latter personage, by the bye, my facetious uncle was often wont to compare himself, being, he would candidly acknowledge, of similar prying propensities, and also elevated above the world by reason of his living in a garret; and this it was his will and pleasure so to do, for, as he would observe, his garret was his world, even as much as the moon was the man's; and he considered himself as being equally privileged to make his observations, as a little odd link detached him from the great conventional human chain dragging onwards, and sometimes jangling beneath him. Now, pray don't imagine that old Jeremy was anything of a cynic in his peculiar position, for when he would sometimes "own the soft impeachment," as having once in his life been "crossed in love," it was always in sentimental mood, and "more in sorrow than in anger," that he was wont to embellish those interesting particulars with sundry quotations *apropos* to the circumstances of the case, and of which it will appear he was often more fortunate in retaining the justness of the application than the strictness of the text, as, winding up some most heart-rending detail, he would observe that "The course of true love never did run straight," for that "either it was different in blood, or else it stood upon the choice of friends or" some such other botheration. "Or," he would continue, with infinite pathos, "if there was a sympathy in choice, war, death, or sickness would lay siege to it, making it momentary as a sound, brief,"—brief—Um—in short, of no more consequence than a pinch of snuff," he would add abruptly; but it seemed to me that my philosophising uncle was not quite so fortunate in his original illustration of the poet's meaning as usual, a pinch of snuff being sometimes of great consequence to the inveterate snuff-taker, and not to be sneezed at, as they well know.

However, all this is but idle, wayside gossip, instead of endeavouring to recall the "sayings and doings," of my uncle, Jeremy Jollyboy, upon another subject—namely, his occasional peepings and prying from his snug garret-window, which I admit were not exactly to be

approved; yet as he had good-naturedly consented to impart the result thereof, as promising subject for my pen, it would certainly be most ungrateful in me were I to censure his proceedings. I only beg leave, therefore, to preface with a general hint to such as may chance to inhabit a house opposite to one having a little impertinent hole of a garret-window, that, though impossible for people to look down upon from their draperied French windows they are yet too proud to look up to—though a garret-window may let in a deal of light notwithstanding; therefore take care what you are about, ladies and gentlemen. When thus situated, I saw uncle Jeremy the other day buying a new pair of spectacles, and he seemed to be very fastidious in his choice, I assure you. Still it's all in good humour; he never tells anybody but me, and you see how well I can keep secrets.

Now it happened to be at a fashionable watering-place that my uncle's garret window was located in the present instance; and immediately opposite was a nice newly-built house—quite superior, I assure you; all stucco, and trellis, and portico, you know—with a flaming notice in the window of "Apartments to let," and also to be lived in, it is to be presumed. There were your elegant balconies, and French windows thrown open on a sunshiny day so invitingly, and affording full view of the interior of the back drawing-room, with its folding-doors to admit of a little social dance upon occasion; and really the flooring didn't look as if it would give way so very soon. Then, the said folding-doors being thrown open, you could see the beautiful transparent window-blind, painted to represent a fine gushing waterfall and a bridge, and such green trees! which answered the double purpose of attracting notice to the "Apartments to let," and veiling certain too intrusive tiles, red-bricked tenements, &c., that were most unromantic realities, destroying many a fine fabric, literally as well as metaphorically. Oh, those pretty painted blinds! they are so fashionable—ay, and very useful too, sometimes, let me tell you. Don't my dear little miss—don't we draw up the pretty blind, please, when your worthy papa comes about the "Apartments to let;" but look at the *bright side*, there's a dear.

Now uncle Jeremy, who had resorted to the fashionable watering-place with the same view as the rest—namely, amusement—was for a long time disappointed that the apartments opposite still continued unlet. He had, from his peep-hole, watched the arrival of many applicants, who had none returned upon the subject; and really he had by practice become such an adept in his old bachelor employment that he usually formed pretty shrewd guesses as to their individual decisions—a chuck of the chin, a turn of the head, or an elevation of the eyebrow, had each their

own unmistakable significance; and uncle Jeremy would draw his inference accordingly. He knew, for example, when Mrs. Ruddygills (my uncle always manufactured their names)—he knew very well that when that very cosy matter-of-fact lady, that came from Leadenhall-street for change of hair, dressed in her German velvet, imitation cashmere shawl, and rayther out-of-fashion Dunstable bonnet, with the large red roses pinned so loosely inside—he knew, from the very moment he cast his eyes (through his spectacles) upon the convenient travelling straw basket upon her arm, from which she kept nibbling some farinaceous edible, that she cared no more about French windows and folding doors than—. Lor bless you! She had come just on account of a healthy dip for the children, and a mouthful of fresh hair sometimes for herself—at least the waving of her arms, and expanding chest, declared as much as she went prying about, looking into cupboards and closets, such as would be found in a house of modern build. Soon after my uncle caught glimpses of her great Dunstable bonnet bobbing about here and there in the kitchen below; and when at last they appeared together at the street door—that is, she and the harrassed mistress of the house—they stood upon the step, discussing anew all the *pros* and *cons*, the whys and the wherefores, the seeker of "apartments" with her eyes fixed most resolutely on some distant object, as though listening with the back of her head to the representations of the owner thereof—as is usual, my uncle says, on such occasions; a sudden thought every now and then causing her to turn, eliciting an abrupt question. There was no necessity, he said, for his hearing what passed, which, of course, the distance precluded; for as Mrs. Ruddygills prepared to elevate her parasol her chin informed him of her decision; as did the other poor chin of consequent disappointment. "Well," said one chin with a little toss, "I'll let you know, Mrs. —, What's-your-name. I really can't say anything at present; but—I'll let you know." "That's all fudge," says the other chin to itself, as it dropped; "I've heard that too often not to understand it." However, it attempted a little toss also; and then my uncle knew that the lips said, "Good morning, ma'am," as placidly as could be expected under the circumstances. "Good morning," replied the two elbows, shaking themselves comfortably together beneath the shawl, as it was drawn about them with an air of decision; and then, as the wearer trotted away, those shaking elbows seemed actually to laugh and congratulate each other, in a manner peculiar to some elbows, as though saying, "What imposition! lucky escape, really!" and so forth. My uncle proved to be right in his whimsical conjecture, for Mrs. Ruddygills never came again.

On the following day, however, he had the pleasure of seeing his disappointed neighbour reviving in the presence of a very stylish young gentleman of florid complexion, good humoured and somewhat jovial expression of countenance, who wore a white hat, lined with green; and which was placed tilting forwards after a peculiar fashion lightly over his brow; he was, moreover, of a well-turned figure, that was cased in a fashionable undress frock, turning back sufficiently to display the edges of two tasty waistcoats, crossed by a glittering chain: top-boots and appropriate gloves completed his costume, together with a natty riding-whip, with which he from time to time tapped the boots aforesaid with a sort of satisfied air, that seemed to announce him as a man not easily to be taken in—no, no; not he. Whether he was a man to take in others, my uncle didn't say; he only observed that he was sure his name must be *Twinks*. What a droll man my uncle was! This exquisite was soon standing in one of the balconies, so that a full view of him could be very well obtained, and there also stood Mrs. Smoothingall (a name, I suspect, of my uncle's manufacture). There she was; evidently all hope and animation; her lips moving very rapidly, her hands every now and then spreading forth in descriptive action and delighted explanation; drawing herself majestically to her full height in occasional triumphant pauses of "What do you think of that? &c." Then suddenly, in a prodigious flutter, leaning over the balcony, she would point up the street, and down the street, here, there, and everywhere; so that my uncle, who was well acquainted with every adjacent locality, knew as well as possible that Mrs. Smoothingall was just then saying, "The most eligible situation in the place, I assure you, sir: so central, you perceive; at the top of the street the assembly-rooms—yonder, just a few paces further, the principal library; a little way to the right, you catch a glimpse of the grand promenade, with a charming view of the sea; and there, sir—round—just—round—that—corner (my uncle feared she would have broken her neck twisting herself so over the balcony), just—round—there, you come all at once upon the bathing-machines. All—so—handy." Here Mrs. Smoothingall drew herself back into the room, and my uncle saw her settling her skirts, pulling her cap straight, wiping her face, and other manœuvres consequent upon her previous exertions; while her auditor stood in his usual attitude, listening with the back of his head, and mumbling the top of his riding-whip; his nose slightly curled, his chin in a slanting position, and his eyes earnestly directed towards a distant pump-handle.

Suddenly, however, Mr. Twinks turned round; he was evidently asking a question



that much interested him, and which, from the slight rotatory motion of the hand that grasped the riding-whip, my uncle felt assured must be connected with riding or driving, and that he was, in fact, inquiring the distance from the livery-stables, which my uncle knew to be far removed. And his guess proved to be right again, for he could perceive that poor Mrs. Smoothingall coughed slightly, and fidgetted as replying something with an elongated chin, that caused the chin opposite to be greatly swayed to and fro, in consequence of the example set by the head to which it belonged; so that my uncle knew that Mr. Twinks, in a quiet, civil manner, was saying "Umph!—I'm afraid that—however, I'll consider of it. I'll—let you know. Don't let me prevent you with your apartments." Mr. Twinks was soon at the street door tapping his smart boots, and nodding his white hat in a sort of decisive way, that said plainly enough "It won't do at all," though my uncle knew that he was in fact only saying "Good morning, ma'am;" and then the well-cased legs strode away, the riding-whip tapping and slapping the boots, and playing all manner of vagaries, like a little unfeeling stick, as it was.

Jeremy Jollyboy had witnessed scenes of a similar result so often that, setting aside his own private views of amusement, he began to sympathise with the disappointments of his neighbour, Mrs. Smoothingall, just as such a good-natured creature, with so many idle hours, might be expected to do; and when it is considered how much my old bachelor uncle always interested himself in the goings on round about him, these unoccupied apartments, so convenient for observance, from his sly loop-hole, yecept a garret window, it must be acknowledged that the prospects of Jeremy Jollyboy were very blank to himself individually, and promising little to me in the way of a subject for my pen.

One morning, after the lapse of about a week, or perhaps somewhat exceeding, I called to offer my respects to my worthy uncle, and was immediately struck with the unusual hilarity of his manners and general appearance. "Hey-day!" I at once exclaimed, "why, uncle Jerry, good bye to the old bachelor—you are going to be married, I'm sure." "Nonsense," he replied, as still smiling; then, after a little chuckling pause, he added, "The apartments are let at last!" "At last!" I echoed with delight. "Why, then, there's hopes for the construction of my little romance, uncle Jerry?" "Ay, ay, lass;" he replied, "fine subject matter too, or I'm much mistaken. I don't know their names, but I'm never at a loss in that respect," he continued, laughing; "I christened them already. It was about this day last week, I think, that they came to look at the 'Apartments to let.' I was afraid at the time that they were going

to treat poor Mrs. Smoothingall as the others had done; and I do believe that was their intention when they turned from the door. However, it seems they have thought better of it. But if you wish for the benefit of my observations, you mustn't take up my time with conversation; that will never elicit your story or my amusement. So I tell you what I propose, I'll make a sort of journal, and will every evening place in your hands a faithful transcript of the pantomime of each day's acting. I shall state matters according to my guess, from what passes before my eyes; and my tolerable penetration sometimes—hey, lass?" My droll uncle emphasised his words with an arch expression of conceit, which, all things considered, appeared to me to be very excusable. I confess I was charmed with his proposed arrangement, and with grateful alacrity received from his hands his first notations of all that had passed since my last visit to his Asmodean garret. He had already headed his pryings with the title of

"JEREMY JOLLYBOY'S PANTOMIME," commencing as follows:—

June —. Where's the use of coming to a place of fashionable resort? Why should I look down from the independence of my garret-window, from whence, as saith the poet, 'tis pleasant thus,—"something about being sociable, and "yet not—risk having your pocket picked." Stay, stay; I don't think that follows exactly; though perhaps it might, without being derogatory to the sense; but then, to be sure, the "blank verse" might have put its foot in it—Pshaw! might have "halted for it." Well, and really that meaning's the same, after all. However, to return to my subject and the house opposite, from the "apartments to let" of which I anticipated so much to entertain and interest me:—there they are, still—still unoccupied. And this such a dull, quiet street, with only the contemplative fruit-woman at the corner, reading what I one day, glancing over her shoulder as I passed, discovered to be the "Rights of Women," while the little ragged rascals around were helping themselves to her fruit! I remember it struck me at the time, as being not the only instance of studying rights, while permitting their desecration under the very nose, as it were, of the indictment.

But hold! whose carriage is this approaching? Why, I declare, it has drawn up at the door of "Apartments to let!" Come, come; a ray of hope is dawning. What a thundering rap! The door opens, and the "gal" usually hired by Mrs. Smoothingall appears in a costume "better imagined than described," as the novel writers say, while she—she herself, that is, the flurried mistress of the house,—appears in the background, tugging at the obstinate string of a stout kitchen apron, that isn't a bit ashamed of itself,



though it really ought to be. She has just caught a glimpse of the carriage, the pannels of which display the insignia of a baronet; while both coachman and footman are gazing with severe scrutiny upon poor innocent "Apartments to let." The steps clatter down, and a gentleman descends—slowly, for he is an elderly gentleman, corpulent, rosy-faced; a little bent, confessing to a gouty foot, and, as it seems, an occasional touch of lumbago. His features are good; their expression frank and open-hearted, but irate and authoritative withal—I feel assured, therefore, that his name is, or at least ought to be, Sir Bluffington Heartall. After him trips the lightest and loveliest of fairies, in the delicate form of a young lady who may have seen about eighteen summers, perhaps. She wears a flowing skirt of soft, white muslin, and the prettiest dimpling cheeks and merry blue eyes peep from under the little pink bonnet and tantalizing lace veil that—Oh, she's a darling! She is, she must be, the old gentleman's daughter, I should think; for I saw him give her a sort of playful pinch of the elbow, and immediately resume his air of paternal gravity. Oh! I can see very plainly the doating old father; he's most exceedingly fond of her, too—and no wonder; such a sylph of rounded proportions, that a summer breeze might waft away, to be dancing in the next glow of sunshine, gay and graceful as ever! But stay, stay; I forget I am an old bachelor. Bless me, I hope this fine description won't be printed with the rest! Well, I can't help it if it should. I only know she is a very pretty girl, and I'm quite positive her name is Rosa.

There's another lady, too, whom I mustn't overlook. She descends from the carriage also slowly; for she is no longer young. In figure she is tall, thin, and exhibits much propriety of deportment; her features are pale, of calm, submissive expression; her dress a dark grey silk, and white cashmere shawl; her bonnet large, somewhat old fashioned as to make and material, and very plainly trimmed. Sir Bluffington is walking on, but suddenly appearing to recollect this lady, turns back, and with an air of formal old-school gallantry, offers his hand to assist her descent from the carriage, in which as much condescension is apparent as politeness; while a certain respectful esteem is manifest that is equally creditable to both parties. Now, what position can this most respectable lady maintain towards the baronet and his youthful daughter? She is not sufficiently familiar in her deportment towards him to justify the supposition of her being his sister; she is not his wife certainly,—no, no, she might get out of the carriage as she best could, to roll in the kennel for that matter. \* \* \* \* (Really Uncle Jeremy is too bad here. I have almost a mind to omit this

impertinent passage in his journal; but I hope, ladies, you'll kindly overlook this last observation. What can be expected, you know, from an old bachelor at his little garret window?) "Well, I think I've made a good guess at last. Sir Bluffington has been many years a widower, and this lady is a respected combination of lady, housekeeper, *gouvernante*, *chaperon*, and *dame de compagnie* to pretty Rose; her proudest title being that of a long-attached, well-tried friend of the family. Her name is Wintertop—Miss Wintertop; yes, yes, for when she took off her gloves to arrange the dress of her lovely charge, there was no emblematical golden circlet upon the finger. I noticed that—ay, ay, I'm an old bachelor, it is true, but I have a most excellent pair of spectacles!

The party have reached the drawing-room, and Mrs. Smoothingall having in the fervour of her anxiety to display her apartments, thrown open the French windows wider than usual, I am afforded all the better view of the interior. Each is making characteristic observations. Miss Wintertop is standing by the fire-place, and she is examining the mantel-piece, and having glanced once or twice up the chimney, she addressed a few words with a gentle shake of her head to the mistress of the house. That shake of the head, together with the sense of oppression that she assumes, and the repelling action of her outspread hands, assures me she is expressing her apprehensions of a chimney apt to be at fault in the matter of smoke. Whereupon Mrs. Smoothingall is amazed! Yes, really amazed at the insinuation! and I perceive has commenced a very remarkable story to prove the utter impossibility of such an occurrence; to which Miss Wintertop lends civil attention, though still dubious upon the subject. Pretty Rosa has, meanwhile, thrown open the folding-doors of the back drawing-room to their full extent. The giddy puss!—her pointed toe and involuntary gliding movements, inform me she is contemplating the little social dance that might be got up some evening.

But what is Papa about all the time? he appears to be very busy indeed. He is scrutinizing the corners of the room, and looking closely at the wainscot; he taps it a few times with his hand, looking very grave at each tap, as he shakes his head, and at last beckons to his faithful ally, Miss Wintertop, who immediately obeys his summons; and after a short conference, she also looks grave, and shakes her head. What can be the matter?—what can they have discovered? One word seems to be bandied between them with remarkable emphasis; the vowel of which, as it extends the mouth of each, added to its expression of alarm, assures me that the word is "*Damp!*" Certainly I'm right; for Sir Bluffington has got one hand behind him, as being reminded of his lumbago, while

pointing with the other to the shoulders of Miss Wintertop, who shudders as she draws her shawl more closely round her, being doubtless subject to rheumatism.

Mrs. Smoothingall approaches; and they are representing the insuperable objection. My poor lodging-letting neighbour! how I compassionate her on the terrible announcement of such a slur upon her elegant "apartments to let"—the bosom of her dress evinces the agitation of the wearer. Dear! dear! how I do feel for that poor four-and-sixpenny cotton! But she meets the accusation nobly indeed. "*Damp!*" she shrieks. Bless me, how large the vowel becomes in her mouth, as it seems to swell forth the word "*Da—mp!*" and how rapidly do her lips move as, with little twitches of her head and spread hands, she at last shrieks "Good gracious! she must really beg the gentleman's pardon, and the lady's too; but if ever she—if they will allow her, she will just prove to them whether the room's damp or no. Oh! she never did——" She has opened a small *chiffonnière* with much energy; she takes from thence a very small paper box; I see what it is; 'tis a box of congreve-matches. What can she be going to do? Set herself and all of them on fire in her desperation? Stay, she pauses to count with her fingers—what does that mean? Ah! now I see—now I comprehend as she finishes with that triumphant toss, and prepares to draw one of the matches. She certainly has been explaining how that those matches have been laying in that very *chiffonnière*—one—two—well, so many months—winter months perhaps they were; for I observe her shiver once or twice during her earnest explanation. Well, and if there was the slightest suspicion of damp in any part of the room, do they suppose those matches would be in the excellent order they are? *Crack!* eh? *Cric!* d'ye see, ma'am? *Fiz!* don't you perceive, sir? *Flare!!!*——" Bravo! bravo! Well done, little congreves! be true to yourselves. Fire up in flaming defence of a good cause, and the honour of the "apartments to let."

Mrs. Smoothingall is so well pleased at this evident proof of the dryness and soundness of her walls, that I see she is becoming quite jocose upon the insinuation; it was really such an uncommon good idea—the apartments *damp!* *damp!* of all things! How funny! really she can't get it out of her head, that she can't. But I'm sorry to be obliged to add it's all of no use: Sir Bluffington having once been impressed with the unpleasant notion, appears inclined to be obstinate. There now, I declare if he isn't buttoning his coat, and wrapping his cloak about him, every fold of which appears to repeat his words, as he moves with little short side-way bows to the door, and which I dare say are—"Oh! ay,—yes, very true,

ma'am; still—I'm afraid a—exceedingly sorry to have troubled you, ma'am—come, Miss Wintertop—come, Rosa, child. Wish you good morning, ma'am." My poor neighbour! she really bears it very well. She is following them: her head inclined towards one shoulder, with an air of meek resignation; her hands folded before her, the fingers of one lightly tapping the back of the other, and even muttering among themselves—"Bother the people! what whim-whams!" while the lips are putting on a sort of wintry smile, just faintly echoing—"Wish you good morning." But stay, stay—what is it the pretty Rosa is saying to her privately, as they are quitting the room? Little consoling angel! she has put my worthy neighbour in almost her usual spirits: a new light seems to break in upon her, as the sweet girl whispers to her, ending with a glance towards her father, and upraised fore-finger, and a few little smiling nods. Oh! they require small trouble to translate, and I am sure her words were—"La! never mind, papa's so odd sometimes. We shall come after all; you'll see we shall—next week, perhaps. I shall talk him over—I know how to manage him; and really these French windows, and those folding-doors——" Her father calls to her, I suppose, she breaks off so suddenly, and follows the others. There, they are getting into the carriage; Mrs. Smoothingall quite "herself again," and curtseying her adieus with the utmost cheerfulness—the steps are up—the door closes—away they drive, pretty Rosa nodding significantly to the mistress of "Apartments to let," which plainly says "Good bye for the present; you know what I mean." Dear, lively, good-natured Rosa! I only hope it may prove according to your wishes and mine; at all events I shall not give them up for this week to come.

June — Huzza! the bill of 'Apartments to let' has at last disappeared. I wonder who has taken them? Has that pretty coxer prevailed with papa, so as to conquer his prejudice about damp walls? I remember it was just on this day week that they came to look at the apartments. Well, I shall not give them up even for a day or two longer. The apartments are taken, at any rate promising some interest that may break the dull uniformity of my old bachelor routine. Ah! it wouldn't have been thus had I married: then there would have been a Mrs. Jollyboy, and perhaps some little Jollyboys, to have echoed my mirthful moments. However, I must submit to circumstances, and be a Jollyboy by myself—that's all; though for the last few days I have sat enthroned in the lonely elevation of my garret-window, with little else to diversify the scene beneath beside the diurnal rounds of a facetious potboy, roaring his everlasting "Out ob

de way, old Dan Tucker," often to be desired to get out of the way himself by certain consequential blades, upon the 'somewhat dubious tenure of their way,' and in reply to whom, he of the pewters, changing for a piece of popular street eloquence, importing affectionate inquiries touching the maternal cognizance of his absence; together with energetic assurances of he (the potboy) being "*wide awake*," "*up to snuff*," not to be "*done*," &c. &c.; much to his own consolation under affront, though not particularly edifying to those in search of 'useful knowledge.'

"However, while like a philosophising old bachelor as I am, I—with I flatter myself unerring simplicity—endeavour to extract a something from everything, and am content to solace the spirit of inquiry with the manifestations of human nature in the routine of human life—for be they high or low, they are equally common, believe me: I must not, I say, forget the grand object for which I sit here, namely, material for a little romance according to my promise. Somebody has taken the apartments, that's clear; so I may expect the curtain of the great stage of the world to draw up again for another act of the legitimate drama. By-the-bye, where are my spectacles? Let me examine if they are in as good order as they ought to be, considering the price I paid, and the expectations I was justified in entertaining. Ah! good eye-sight is a blessed thing undoubtedly; and to be independent of artificial aid "most devoutly to be wished," nevertheless a good pair of spectacles is not to be despised; for admitting that they cause you to see that which you regret to say, why then the spectacles were in fault; the spectacles misled you; the spectacles are not to be depended upon; and there's some consolation in that, believe me, friend. If, on the other hand, the spectacles disclose that which reflects honour upon human nature, why, what an excellent pair of spectacles! while even should they then deceive, still praise the spectacles; for surely they will have proved that which they profess—"they have saved your eyes," and your heart, too, many a pang. Pardon this digression, my worthy friend; and whatever be your natural sight, be it far or near, failing or in full vigour, by all means provide yourself with a pair of spectacles. We all require them in our path of life; and that we should all wear them in the ways of the world is most certain, for there are many stumbling-blocks we cannot so well distinguish with our natural sight, I assure you: and often, perhaps, when we think we have discovered that of others, a wise pair of spectacles, wisely put on, might teach us to be silent, as disclosing quite as clearly that which lieth in our own.

And now, having said as much as an advertising optician might reasonably desire in favour of spectacles, I think I'll

say no more about them; the more particularly as mine just at this moment enable me to perceive an object approaching that is neither more nor less than a piano-forte van, and which I cannot help surmising will stop at the door of "apartments" that were "to let." Why, then—rightly and truly have I guessed. It has stopped there; and now they are lifting out a cabinet piano. To be sure other ladies play the piano beside pretty Rosa, for I've made up my mind that she *does* play, as much as I have set my heart upon her coming. Ay, and she sings too, I'll warrant; for hasn't she, as the polite young gentleman of a certain grade says to the bashful young lady of the same standard, when she assures the company that she can't sing—"La, she only makes a noise. He! he! he!" "Oh, miss, don't say that; I'm sure you've a singing face. He! he! he!" So say I of pretty Rosa Heartall, she has a "singing face;" for is there not harmony in every feature?—not merely harmony of symmetry and of tint, but that sweetest and truest of harmony, gentle temper—that best preserver of beauty, and its most powerful charm.

There I go, digressing again, but it's in praise of a pretty girl; and I feel assured that the pretty girl who reads it will never think it requires apology. Huzza! huzza! huzza! I am right, then! and all's right; for here they all come! Yes, there's old Sir Bluffington with his jolly red face, and good Miss Wintertop with her pale pensive one, and Miss Rosa with her pretty one. Oh! I seem to greet them all as old friends already, unconscious as they all are of the existence of the prying old bachelor here at his garret window, watching all their movements, forming a little invisible friendship, and altogether identifying himself with all their concerns. As the carriage continues to approach, I perceive an additional link in the pantomimic chain of interest, in the dapper form of a young woman seated in the rumble behind, with a tightly-packed basket on her lap, and a carefully-folded thin white paper parcel, folded flat, and which she holds in a sort of gingerly way, with evident fear of crushing. She is doubtless the lady's-maid; and the more I scrutinise her, the more assured am I that her name must be *Tackit*—Miss Tackit, of course, with the servants and tradesfolk. She is pretty, and seems to be impressed with that notion herself, as gazing about her with an air of delighted bewilderment between the two curtains of long shaking curls at the side of her face.

I am of opinion, also, that the correct Miss Wintertop inside the carriage thinks that Sally Tackit wears both her cap and bonnet much too far back on her head, and that she occasionally alludes gently to the circumstance, which sometimes causes a little toss of them still backward. Her shawl is

of black and white checked worsted, and fringed; a neat little black apron peeps from under it; and her dress of *Mousseline de Laine*, formerly one of her young lady's, appears to have washed uncommonly well. Her white cotton gloves have been put on clean this very morning, only there's a great hole in the thumb of one of them, that she hasn't had time to mend, and is trying to conceal by keeping the thumb aforesaid close in the palm of the hand, with the fingers lapped over it. And it's so vexing and confusing, so it is, that her master, kind old gentleman! will toddle round to help her safe down, and that in her agitation she should present just *that* hand with her bare thumb full in his face! That "nimperunt feller," too, John footman, is making his game on the sly like." (Poor girl! she little suspects the garret-window opposite.) As for the worthy Sir Bluffington, I much doubt if he knows anything of the matter. There he is, I can perceive, anxious only for the young woman's safe descent; while the slight contraction of his shaggy brows and a sort of "pooh! pooh!" expression on his lips, tell me that he is saying, "Never mind, child, never mind; only take care how you get down. There now, give that basket to John, and don't be in such a hurry." Good-natured Sir Bluffington! so, so—there, she is safe at last; and now how her little nimble feet pad backwards and forwards, with this thing and that thing, caught up so gaily by Mrs. Smoothinggall curtsying in the door-way, in all the triumph of her "let"—for the season, I hope. There go neat band-boxes and delicately-enwrapped parcels, with sometimes an end of ribbon or frill peeping forth,—that's no concern of an old bachelor's, Heaven help him!

Well, there—now I suppose everything has been taken out. Hey, no—why bless me! what's coming now, that all hands are so busy in dislodging? Something large, it should seem, and that, at the same time, requires much care,—I shall see presently. Sir Bluffington is unwilling to enter the house, and lingering on the door-step, is watching their manœuvres with most intense interest. I can see that he frequently cautions them to be careful, and pays not the slightest attention to the entreaties of Miss Wintertop that he will go in and leave all to her; for her hands and expressive eyes confirm the movement of her lips, and I am sure she is saying that if he will but leave all to *her*—*she* will take care—*she* will see that it is safe, &c.; see *what's* safe?—what can it be? this rare article, that occasions such commotion among them all? Oh! here it comes, and carefully enveloped in baize. It looks like a large mirror, or a picture; the latter I should rather guess, for I know my neighbour's apartments to be handsomely furnished. It is, it must be a picture then, and Sir Bluf-

ington is a connoisseur—a patroniser of the fine arts. It is no doubt an oil-painting, and a rare sample of genius. Ah! here it comes at last,—take care of the step, John,—gently, Tackit, child,—“there, there it goes up the stairs,—they'll soon have it in the drawing-room, and I do hope it will be so disposed of as to enable me to obtain a perfect view. Why, bless me! I must, it may prove a matter of importance in my little progressing romance, and which I may add, has, for that matter, but just commenced. So, they rest it against the wall while removing the baize covering,—yet I can barely distinguish the subject so far, and unless it was brought forward to one of the French windows—the very thing they are at last obliged to do, for there's some sort of hitch or entanglement with the baize wrapper and the frame-work, that requires nicety in the removing, and consequently more light. They at length succeed, and what, after all, do I behold?—truly nothing more than a tolerable oil-painting, of what, in an exhibition catalogue, would be described as, “portrait of lady and child;” yet the sad and earnest gaze of Sir Bluffington, directed towards these two objects, assures me that there is indeed “more than meets the eye” connected with this same picture, and that his feelings are perfectly understood and sympathised with by his faithful adherent Miss Wintertop. Both the servants have been sent out of the room on some errand or other, and these two old friends remain standing on each side the evidently deeply interesting picture. And now I look more particularly, it is interesting, even to me, a superficial observer from my garret window. The lady represented is in the bloom of life and decidedly handsome; her dress is the costume of about five and twenty years back, and the rosette on the cap of the infant proclaim it to be a boy; but the interest of the picture arises from the sad and imploring expression with which she appears to hold forth the child to some one for protection. That she is not the wife of the worthy baronet, her widow's weeds sufficiently testify; but from the very striking resemblance of the features, I decide on her being his sister. As continuing to gaze upon this interesting memorial, some past event is awakened in the mind of Sir Bluffington, that seems to awaken much sorrowful emotion: from his solemn glance upwards, and outspread hands, as, turning towards his friend, I am led to understand that he repeats some asseveration, and reminds her of his willingness to perform some promise regarding the infant, to which he points expressively, but—and his arms fall suddenly; he shakes his head mournfully, and it droops upon his breast: immediately after, his extended arms, and look of inquiry expresses, oh! so plainly—“Where—where is that child now to be found?” They are lost, then, both lost; and

now Sir Bluffington folds his arms with energy to his breast, as expressive of the affection with which he would receive his lost nephew, should he be among the living. Rosa now enters; she regards the picture with calm indifference, and as an object to which she has been long accustomed. Whatever be the mystery attached to the picture, it is evident, therefore, that she is quite unconscious of it, as with smiling alacrity she assists in placing it to rest against the opposite wall, the painting turned inwards.

I have quitted my post for these last few hours since the little incident of the picture, having observed Sir Bluffington sally forth from the house door, with Miss Wintertop on one arm, his pretty daughter on the other, and beheld the little party going in "goodly array" along the High-street, evidently on a stroll of reconnoitre before dinner. Umph—they dine in the back drawing-room, I perceive; and I should think that it cannot be far from the hour appointed, to judge by the proceedings of John as he whisks between the half-open folding-doors, for some article left *pro tem*. in the front room. Follow my example; that is, be at your post, mine honest friend; for lo! here they are, returning with a reinforcement of health and spirits, from their ramble on the sea-washed cliffs. The cheeks of the worthy baronet are more ruddy than ever; the pensive propriety of Miss Wintertop, is lit by the smile of her native kindness; and as for Miss Rosa, the unceremonious breeze has made such havoc among her ringlets, that I know when she enters, she'll run to her own room immediately, and ask the simpering Tackit if she "ever saw such a fright in her life? for really she never did—and that's the truth." "That's a fib, little Rosa;" the looking-glass will reply, and so say I; and little Rosa will be very apt to believe the looking-glass—ay, and so she would me too, for all I'm an old bachelor. Well then—it's rat-ta-tat, open sesame, and in they go. And now, of course, they are at dinner in the back drawing-room: the folding-doors are closed, so I am for the present, shut out of the secret; however, I know they are there, because I saw John whip hastily into the front room just now for a salver, and make his exit by those very folding-doors, shutting them again carefully; but not before I had a glimpse of the whole party.

Meanwhile the affairs of my worthy neighbour, Mrs. Smoothingall, and she herself, have undergone such a thorough change, with such a general improvement, that really she must excuse me if I consider myself privileged to peep into the little front parlour, where she is just now sitting down to a quiet cup of tea with her grown-up daughter just come from a real ladies' boarding-school. This young lady is very tall and slim, with a bust like an inverted sugar-loaf: a head sen-

timentially inclined, both literally and metaphorically; somewhat lengthy features, of the hue of cheese-curd; ornamented on each side with a bunch of long ringlets, that in their spiral dangles will intrude on the lover of the picturesque base semblances of sausages, or, perchance, black puddings; which are rather apt to derogate from the imagery of the sublime and beautiful: she appears, however, to be a very good-natured girl, with much tendency to sundry little laughs, and a mouth that either from habit or inability, is never quite closed; her eyes are usually cast down, and her chin slightly elevated: she has also a great propensity to what at the school she has just left, is termed an Italian courtesy.

Her "ma" is exceedingly proud of her; and is just now in her good humour, at the prosperous turn of her affairs; for as the saying goes, everything is now upon velvet—ay, and there's the large tom-cat luxuriating upon the hearth-rug, the sly rogue! They think he's asleep (if they think about him at all), but I know better; I know a little about cats, and their arts. That fellow now—that old rogue of a tom-cat! with his eyes half-closed blinking and winking so over his whiskers, and purring too, I'll be bound, if I could hear him; he *appears* to be nothing more than "the cat" dozing on the hearth-rug—"eh, poor puss?" but I know better: I know what are his secret contemplations; there's a very tempting milk-jug upon the table, and demure and innocent as he looks, I know that if he were to be left *alone* in the snug parlour—however, I had better be silent on that head.

But stay, that simultaneous little start, and direction of the eyes, informs me of a tap at the room-door. Mrs. Smoothingall brushes off a few crumbs, whisks away a mismatched tea-cup, and one or two intrusive plates, and I can perceive that with a bland smile she is saying "Come in," in a particularly amiable tone of voice. The door accordingly opens, and Miss Tackit makes her appearance. In one hand she holds a small strip of muslin, or some such delicate fabric, in the other a piece of tape. The party within rise, and a series of bobbings, bendings, slidings, and other manifestations of courtesy, succeed on all sides. I see plainly that the smiling lady's maid is expressing herself as being "so ashamed, and so sorry to be so troublesome," and that the reply is something about it's being no trouble, but a *pleasure*, anything in *their* power, they are *sure*—"Oh dear! they are so obliging, could they—just favour her with—the loan of—a bodkin?" "Oh la! to be *sure*, here's one quite handy," and Miss Smoothingall nearly oversets the tea-table in her zeal to open a small painted chest on the sideboard, with "*Gift of a Friend*" and an exhilarating view of the — Gardens, with ladies and gentlemen dancing delineated upon the lid, in every colour of the rainbow. Miss



Tackit is oppressed by gratitude, and is urged to take a cup of tea—for which offer she is “*very much obliged, but can’t think of—*” “Oh, dear! she *must—she shall—just one cup.*” I see their voices during this elegant pantomime, and am convinced of the emphasis laid upon certain words, and the peculiar *alto* of some of the tones as the parties are alternately “*shocked, horrified, amazed, or happy.*” as circumstances may demand.

Mrs. Smoothingall begs to be informed of any alteration that may be wished on the part of her lodgers—adding her own anxious desire of giving entire satisfaction, as the retrograde step of her obliging curtsey brings her foot upon the cat’s tail behind her with a zeal that causes poor Tom to express a very different opinion of her intentions. Then Miss Tackit replies that, for her part, ever since she has come she has really been “*Quite upset, struck all of a heap, and, indeed, turned topsyturvy!*” Whereupon Mrs. Smoothingall replies that, “*She dares to say she has—that she must feel rather strange, and she shall be most happy to show her everywhere about,*” which, considering the previous declaration of Miss Tackit, is very good-natured indeed. So now, having adjusted her little piece of handy-work, Miss Tackit returns the bodkin, and a succession of evolutions ensue, more than I had conceived the human body to be capable of. Mercy on me! what smilings, sidlings, swaying, and glidings, noddings, and bobbings of heads, and shakings of the long bunches of saus—I mean of curls—on all sides! for Miss Tackit is taking leave, and the voices are rising higher than ever, as all are so delighted, and so obliged, and so ready to do *anything*—a—“*Good morning,*” “*Good day,*” “*Good afternoon,*” for the different hours of refection cause a few mistakes upon this point, which are of no consequence; and I perceive that Tom is meanwhile availing himself of the deserted tea-table, to make personal inquiries respecting the milk. The rascal! I knew he would.

But the characters in the drawing-room pantomime are about to reappear; for John has just placed fruit and coffee in the front, most convenient for my prying, whether justifiable or otherwise. My worthy friends will assemble presently, no doubt, little dreaming how infinitely they are obliging the queer old fellow at his garret-window. Meantime a new actor makes his appearance at the street-door below. I know him by sight; he is a servant to Monsieur Glissard, the master of the ceremonies. I remember now it is about the period of his ball; I see the card is taken in, and I am more in the secret of Sir Bluffington’s affairs than he is himself as yet; however, he will know all about it in good time, I dare say. The folding-doors unclose, and enter the worthy baronet, looking all the better, methinks, for his repast; and Miss Rosa, too,

who, as a young lady, cannot possibly be improved: Miss Wintertop, who, as an amiable and respectable woman, cannot admit of improvement either. The old gentleman takes possession of his seat with, I can plainly perceive, a sigh of satisfaction and feeling of comfort. He looks at his pretty daughter, and the feeling is augmented, at which I am by no means surprised. He glances, also, towards the piano. “*Rosy, dear,*” I am sure he is saying, “*let us have a little music.*” Rosa instantly obeys; and her fingers run over the keys, if not quite with the skill of a professor, at least with all the alacrity of “*unbruised youth,*” and the desire of pleasing one whose pleasures are dear to her. The old man listens with evident satisfaction, and by the involuntary movement of his head, and strumming accompaniment of his fingers upon the table, I can perceive that the air is a lively one. There—now he asks her something; I shouldn’t wonder but it is for a song—hey? yes, yes, I’m right; the little gipsy has commenced a song—a plaintive ballad, I should think, by the slight inclination of the pretty head to one shoulder and the gentle movement of her fingers; it appears to be a favourite with them. Miss Wintertop listens with pleased attention, while Sir Bluffington falls occasionally into a sort of reverie, which is every now and then interrupted by a gentle shake of the head, intimating, perhaps, his concurrence with the sentiments expressed, or awakened remembrance of the past.

Ah, ha! I thought it would make its appearance at last; the song is interrupted by the entrance of John, who presents a salver, upon which is the all-important missive touching the expected ball. Sir Bluffington, after regarding it with a sort of puzzled half-frown, half-smile, tosses it over to Miss Wintertop, slightly glancing towards Rosa as he does so. Miss Wintertop lays down her knitting—by-the bye, have I mentioned that she has been quietly knitting for the last half-hour? I have noticed it, nevertheless; and that she wears spectacles too; not so good as mine though, I dare say. However, she reads the card, and a sort of pensive smile succeeds; a little shake of the head and a glance at Rosa, who has just discovered that something new is afloat; she rises from the piano and joins them. And now she reads the card; and she is neither puzzled or pensive upon the matter; not she. Miss Wintertop has resumed her knitting, and though she looks as demure as ever, I can perceive the smile just stealing across her cheek; for she knows very well how the affair will end. Ah! Rosa’s delicate hands are upon her father’s shoulders; she’s looking him in the face,—“*Oh! papa, the master of the ceremonies’ ball; consider, every body attends that; of course—um?—eh?—papa?*” There, there, I see how it is; the old man’s trying to look grave and wise,



and he can't for the life of him, so he just alters the position of his legs, coughs slightly, as he turns away with a few little chuckles up of his old chin and a pinch of the pleader's cheek, while muttering something that gains him a kiss, and me the knowledge that it is all settled—they go to the grand ball in prospect.

And now how the piano is made to rattle in token of the fair performer's joyful triumph, yet I can perceive the measure gets to be something slower; and now it is a waltz; that most graceful of all music's measures. I cannot hear it; but my mind sees the floating melody, through my ever trusty spectacles; and I catch my old bachelor's head waving in sympathetic harmony. Yes, there it floats; on and on, round and round, beginning but to end, ending but to begin again with just that touch of melancholy in its dreamy sweetness that—Wo, ho! my hobby-horse, or verily thou wilt be floundering in some ditch, my boy. Ah, ladies, ladies, it's all your fault; I ought not to have been an old bachelor, that's certain.

Rosa looks round, and has just discovered that which I have observed for some minutes past—her waltzing measure has lulled the old gentleman to sleep, a circumstance of which the upraised finger of Miss Wintertop contributes to apprise her. Pretty Rosa! how much prettier does she seem as, with light and cautious step, she approaches the respected sleeper, and gently impresses on his furrowed brow the youthful kiss of filial affection. As she bends over him, one of her bright dark ringlets becomes intertwined with a hoary lock of his scantily-furnished brow; forming an interesting picture, a beautiful emblem of their relative positions, in the clinging confidence on one side, and the sacred guardianship on the other. And now her eye rests upon the card: the potent "master of the ceremonies" resumes his undisputed empire, and a very natural chain of thought combines bright links of fashion's captivating enthralment. Drawing nearer to Miss Wintertop, a whispered and apparently earnest consultation has commenced. Miss Wintertop removes her spectacles, and folds up her knitting; eventually putting it away, with an air that implies its not being thought of again for some time to come. At this moment the room door opens gently, and Tackit appears. The cautionary fingers of both the ladies are held up, and she advances on tip-toe, with a passing glance at Sir Bluffington. "Oh, Tackit!" I'm sure Rosa is whispering; "we were just going to send for you. Come this way. There—sofly now; papa's asleep." And then a great many mysterious noddings, beckonings, &c., succeed on all sides, which confirm my supposition. And now the consultation is renewed with redoubled energy.

Bless me, how rapidly all their lips move! though whispering still, I can perceive; and what mysterious evolutions of fingers and arms, in the act of measuring! Why, even the steady Miss Wintertop appears to be talking as fast as her two young companions. Of what an extraordinary *genus* is the creature called woman! And yet, amidst all, I can well perceive the continual admonitions of the pretty, filial Rosa, as the "Hush! don't disturb papa!" is manifested in every cautious movement, in every whispered sentence, respecting the momentous question, which is evidently that of the dress to be selected for the occasion. And then I confess I feel friendly towards the little vanities and brief follies of this our brief term; yes, I do respect them, when thus eliciting one of the qualities that stand out in bright relief, to plead for the dark side of human nature. But see, Sir Bluffington is waking up; John has entered with lights, and proceeds to draw the window-curtains; they must, therefore, serve as one of the *act-drops*, so I quit my post, to be resumed *à discretion*.

June.—The important era of the ball has at length arrived, nothing worth noting having come within my observation in the intermediate time; that is, if I except one or two proceedings on the part of little Tackit, and which at the time appeared to me most unaccountable, but which have in a degree explained themselves since. Before I proceed, I beg to say that I allude to that handy young person having, on sundry occasions, stole softly in to her mistress, with long bits of tape, and sometimes strips of some delicate fabric, which, crouching down behind her, she would extend from that slender waist to the instep: an act that would conclude with either a little frown and shaking of the head, or else with a radiant smile and most satisfactory pin; while during these proceedings, Rosa looked very meek and patient; while Miss Wintertop, who was generally present, and often appealed to, seemed to be making some very critical remarks, which were received with due attention by both the young lady and her maid: nevertheless, I confess I was on one occasion very near raising an alarm, on observing the zealous *femme de chambre* entreing one morning with a most enormous pair of scissors, and after clapping a piece of brown paper over Rosa's beautiful bust, flourish them about in a very alarming manner; however, as the parties themselves seemed by no means influenced by a similar feeling, I thought that perhaps I might only render myself ridiculous by interfering, and therefore remained quiet.

As I have previously hinted, the mystery has since been solved; and more particularly this very morning, as I recognised several of the articles I had often seen in the

hands of the busy Tackit, exhibited by her in a very different, and certainly much improved form, in that very same snug parlour I have already described as the general sitting-room of my worthy neighbour Mrs. Smoothingall; with whom Tackit has since become quite intimate, and has not quarrelled with very often, all things considered. Of course when the beautiful ball dress was brought in by Miss Tackit, Miss Smoothingall was in raptures; and as it was brought to the window for thorough examination, I obtained a full view of the same: but really my poor old spectacles were so astonished, and so dazzled with its splendour, that I wouldn't take their word for anything they might assert: I only know that several *young ladies* in the *line* were admitted to witness the specimen of Miss Tackit's abilities, and Sir Bluffington's depth of purse. And now I see the lovely wearer bestowing the real legitimate grace of living beauty upon the milliner's art, as she flits about the drawing-room, like a beneficent fairy, with a white rose among the dark braids of her hair. Sir Bluffington is deep in the newspaper, and doesn't of course "care about the girl's dress." He only hopes she won't dance too much, or stay too late, or catch cold," &c.; but I can read the fond father's heart—at least my spectacles can. It is, as Mrs. Smoothingall has always declared, a very short distance to the Assembly Rooms; and one of the light conveyances always in readiness at a watering-place is standing at the door. Ah! there they go—that is, Rosa and her *chaperon* Miss Wintertop—for Sir Bluffington stays at home, and rather thinks he shall sit up till their return; for all their repeated "Oh! take care, Sir Bluffington's!" "Now, papa, don't think of it's." Well, and I think I shall sit up myself; for I feel that I shall obtain little sleep for thinking of that dear child—pooh! it's summer, and a little nap between whiles, as it were, will do very well. It's so warm, everybody has their window open; so that with regard to their concerns, and my prying, it is, in fact, the "house out at window." There's Sir Bluffington with his paper in the drawing-room, and the Smoothingalls in the parlour, just under.—Um, indeed! they have asked Miss Tackit in to take a hand at cards this evening, because Miss Smoothingall's beau spends the evening, and there'll just be four for a snug rubber. There they are. Young Mr. Stilts is quite a superior sort of person; he keeps a small book-shop, and therefore considers himself rather a literary character; though his dealings are, it must be confessed, of a miscellaneous description, since they combine also cigars, tobacco, ditto pipes, snuff, paper kites, fishing-hooks, &c. but then Mr. Stilts knows so much, and talks so much, particularly over oysters and porter; and says he has some thoughts of going abroad as tra-

velling tutor, only he's not quite sure of the *light in which he might be considered!*

"Bless me! I must surely have been napping—the time has indeed 'travelled apace' since my last notation.—Um! yes, yes, the lights are burning very low in the drawing-room; I hope John will come in soon to see to them, and the large Grecian lamp, for there's Sir Bluffington fast asleep in his great chair, with the newspaper lying at his feet; while as to the party below their play is proceeding lazily indeed. The superior-minded Mr. Stilts is regarding his lady-love with "lack-lustre eye," and indeed appears vastly disposed to yawn in her face. Certainly, at most watering places health being considered paramount to pleasure, there are restrictions with respect to hours, yet the master of the ceremonies' ball claims the usual indulgence, therefore—hark! whose pleasant laugh is that? and whose the sweet female voice? Yonder seems to be a lady and gentleman advancing along the now quiet street, chatting away in very cheerful mood. They draw near. Why, bless me!—Rosa! and leaning on the arm of a young naval officer! Ah!—yes—and there's Miss Wintertop, rather behind the others, looking thoroughly tired, and intent upon drawing her large shawl more over her head and shoulders. Well, it is but a short distance, I am aware; and certainly the night, or I should say morning, is warm, and as dry as one's own apartment. Pretty Rosa, what spirits she is in, with the pink-lined hood of her black satin mantle, that *will* fall back, do all she can.

But her companion—upon my word, a right noble sample of her Majesty's gallant service—a new character in my pantomime. So, so; young, handsome, spirited, and commanding—of course his name is Henry; yes, yes, let me see—Henry—Seaforth; and a charming match for my pretty Rosa. I hope, therefore, that papa will approve, for I have settled it in my own mind at any rate. Now what can Rosa be talking of in so animated a strain? Her action is as though fanning herself, then suddenly dropping her arm, she looks bewildered about her, and as if she expected to find it in the street; whereupon Henry appears to be sympathising with her anxiety; looks about inquiringly, and then suddenly, as if he was presenting it, with a very graceful bow. Now, as he is in reality doing no such thing, I am led by all this to understand that the young lady having lost her fan, the young gentleman is assuring her that he will search for the article, and hopes to be permitted the honour of restoring it personally, &c. &c. They have now reached the door; the ladies curtsy, and the gentleman, with a graceful bow, takes his leave. But as he turns away what do I see? What is it my sharp prying spectacles have discovered? Why, I declare if there isn't peeping from his waistcoat

pocket the handle of as pretty a little fan as ever—well, to be sure! What, and so he'll inquire for it, will he? that he may have the pleasure of presenting—Oh, dear! certainly I never thought of such a thing when I was a young man; I suppose if I had, I shouldn't now have been an old bachelor. There, there, they are all roused by the knock. Sir Bluffington is just rubbing his eyes, and trying to look quite wakeful, as John, with a couple of newly-lighted candles, precedes the ladies returned from the ball, and now any one, without my superior assisting optics, may form a pretty accurate guess as to the desultory converse that succeeds, something like "Well, Rosy, pleasant evening, eh? How came you to walk back?" "Oh, the distance is nothing; and it was so warm (not a word about the escort, I dare say)." "How could you sit up, papa? Here's dear Miss Wintertop quite killed, I'm sure." "Ah! well, well, it's time for all of us to be in bed, so ring for Tackit, child, unless Miss Wintertop would like anything before—" "Oh, dear no, thank ye, Sir Bluffington," &c. Of course I have lost sight of all the parties some minutes ago; but I think somehow I'm not "far wide" as to my guess; and though my spectacles cannot penetrate the young lady's sleeping-room (I should be very angry with them if they had that impertinence), yet I'm very sure Rosa entered it humming (unconsciously, perhaps) that last very pretty waltz; and that she ran to the looking-glass and exclaimed as usual "what a fright she was!" and didn't think so for all that; and that then she thought there might be somebody else who didn't think so; and then she begins humming that particular waltz again, while Tackit, who is tolerably acute upon some certain subjects, silyly hints something of an echo of her thoughts; and Rosa tells her *suivante* not to talk nonsense; thinking all the while that Tackit's a very sharp clever girl, which in fact she is. Soon the head of pretty Rosa will press its soft pillow, that sweet waltz still whirling gracefully through it. She will not sleep immediately; and when she does, she will still hear that darling waltz, and gaze upon the floating draperies and the flitting dancers. Yes, all will be repeated; the lights, the music, the mingling voices, the general hum—young naval officers, lost fans, compliments, and all sorts of hums. So good night, pretty Rosa. I need not wish you pleasant dreams.

June.—None of us very early to-day, if I except the owners of my humble tenement, who little think how my old fool's head was interested in the affairs of my neighbours, and would have been perfectly astounded to hear that I had actually been sitting up for the return of a young lady from a ball. Well, well, so as I am not too late for the morning call of the young gentleman who has promised

to return the lost fan—that is, if he has found it, ahem! I confess I should like to witness that scene; for somehow I suspect it will bring about a very interesting *éclaircissement* in my little romance. All right!—yonder comes my "conquering hero," handsome and spirited as ever. Nobody in the drawing-room as yet but Rosa; the others are solacing themselves after their unusual late hours, I suppose, the more particularly as they are not expecting visitors this morning. But the case is different with my little Rosa; she *does* expect a visitor—that is, she hopes so, on account of hearing something about her lost fan—for indeed 'twas a pretty fan, and she shouldn't like to lose it; and *that's* the reason she's so anxious and fidgety this morning, and cannot settle to anything: so she thinks she'll put her music books to rights, and—Dear me! there's that great picture that 'pa makes such a fuss about—so terribly in the way! she does wish they'd make up their minds and have it hung up somewhere—it is *so* in the way! she wonders, she is sure, that it hasn't been dashed to pieces fifty times, &c.

But stop—there's a knock at the street door that makes her heart leap to her mouth, as old-fashioned folks say. Now this same knock is a truly good and respectable knock; not a loud, domineering, regularly-prepared footman's announcement of "Who but we!" nor a racketty reckless one, that says, "Here goes, once for all!" nor the postman's decisive *rap rap* of "Come, it's no joke!" nor the loud sulky one, that verily sometimes foretelleth of *one too many*—no, nor the little tremulous, hesitating continuation, bespeaking an individual not quite positive as to his own identity; but a firm, yet modest, self-possessed, gentlemanly knock, proclaiming honourable intentions well becoming England's proudest boast and dearest defender. In verity, then, there standeth Captain Henry Seaforth, my chosen match for my pretty favourite, Rosa Heartall. I have just settled my spectacles comfortably for the drawing-room scene. John has presented his card, which the silly girl in her flurry throws upon the table without looking at. The gallant captain is ushered up stairs. Bless me! the fan has been found after all! *How—ve—ry* surprising! He has also done himself the pleasure of having the waltz copied that she so much admired. Wasn't aware of her having a piano, had therefore taken the liberty of putting his flute in his pocket, that she might hear it again; but perhaps she would do him the honour to run it over, just to ascertain if it was quite correct, &c. It is at this particular juncture that I perceive the curtains drawn aside of the second-floor front room window, at which appears Sir Bluffington in his *robe de chambre*, very busy regulating his watch; which obliges him to

approach very near to the light, and thus affords me an excellent view of his countenance. Suddenly I behold him start, and remain in an attitude of listening. He is astonished, and with reason; for he hears not only his daughter at the piano, but also the accompaniment of a flute. He looks much displeased—very natural; and hastily putting up his watch, seems preparing to make his appearance in the drawing-room, to the occupants of which I shall now again turn my attention.

The piano is discovered to be placed not quite so convenient as desired; and it's all owing to *that picture*—that picture is so in the way! but Captain Seaforth cannot allow her to move it; if she will permit him, he

— The picture is already turned from the wall, and I again behold the gentle, imploring features of the lady, as she holds the infant —; while Henry Seaforth—what ails him of a sudden? He is transfixed, agitated; all around him seems forgotten but that one object, even the fair supporter of the picture appears to be forgotten—nay, I can see tears coursing down those manly cheeks, as at last he falls on his knees before it, and Rosa, who cannot without endangering the painting resign her post, is no less amazed than is her angry father, who I now perceive has just entered behind the kneeling hero. For the moment the long-treasured picture is unheeded; and he sees only his innocent Rosa, with an unsanctioned lover at her feet. Miss Wintertop also completes the *tableau*, so that really I think my romance is in a very fair way. Now, where's the use of troubling myself, and intruding long descriptions about the pantomime that succeeded? I'm pretty sure that the conversations proceeded something in this style:—"Hey! why—really sir, I beg your pardon, I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance. Sir, I require an instant explanation of this most extraor—; Rosa, child, I desire that—" "Dear papa, this is the gentleman that—" "That you danced with, my dear, and that saw us home; I remember him very well." "Sir, pardon the surprise, the agitation of the moment; that picture is—" "That picture, sir, represents a very dear, a long-lost sister," is the softened reply. "And my mother!" gasps the young man; for see, now he is on his knees before Sir Bluffington, as pointing expressively to the delineation of the infant, and then to himself. The poor old gentleman has meanwhile sunk upon a chair, and I can see by his shaking hand, is so agitated he can scarcely command himself sufficiently to peruse the letter that Henry has presented, together with a miniature, the very counterpart of the lady in the oil-painting. "I was but ten years of age," he adds, "when the vessel in which we were returning to England foundered, with the loss of her

whole cargo, and almost all her passengers, very few of whom shared my good fortune in being preserved. My dear mother was not of the number; but she had some few years previous provided me with these documents, and that the name should not immediately have struck me—" "My dear boy," exclaims the now sobbing Sir Bluffington, "I had no claim to the baronetcy till some years after her leaving England; and, as from that period circumstances deprived us of all further communication, the event was, of course, unknown to her. Poor Maria—you remember her, my dear Wintertop, when all the family were so displeased with her for her improvident marriage; all but myself, I never was displeased with the poor dear girl; and when she sent to me in her young widow's grief, and held her destitute child to me (*you, my dear boy*), I was so struck with her appearance, that I insisted upon her likeness being so taken, to preserve it as you see. Long have I grieved at losing all traces of ye both; but now come to my arms, my boy, I'll not forget my promise to her; her child shall be mine. Rosa, my love, your cousin. For my part I'm so astonished and so overjoyed, that—really—I—you must excuse me—a—my dear Wintertop how can—you be such—a blubbering old fool!"

I must give the poor old gentleman just time to recover, and I suspect there's not much more to add; for all parties appear to be so well satisfied, and so happy, that I believe my romance must now be drawing to its close. Only see how jocose old Sir Bluffington is becoming! tapping his daughter's rosy cheek, and slapping Henry's fine shoulders; while even old Miss Wintertop comes in for a friendly nudge; so I can guess from all this that the old gentleman's saying something like "And so bless you both, children; for I see plainly you have taken a fancy to each other—there, hold your tongue, Rosa; there shall be a wedding soon; and Wintertop, you shall be a blooming bride's maid—don't laugh, or rather *do* laugh; for we'll all laugh, and all be happy, as for me, I'll be *jolly*! a famous jolly old fellow—ay, and so shall Miss Wintertop!"

My droll uncle Jerry had become so influenced by the scene of hilarity he had been witnessing, that happening to look in upon him just at the time, I quite offered him my congratulations, as though he were a principal in the affair instead of looker-on; and really it was not long before "rumour, with her hundred tongues," proved my prying old bachelor uncle to be not so much wide of the mark in his notations from pantomime, barring the names of the parties concerned, which I shall neither confirm nor actually contradict. At all events, a wedding soon appeared upon the *tapis*, very much to the delight and pride of

Mrs. Smoothingall (or whatever her name may be), who didn't mind soon after losing her grand lodgers for the sake of the *eclat* of a wedding being attached to her "apartments to let." However, I shall not say *where*, lest I should be the occasion of young ladies endeavouring to influence their papas and mammas, to the disadvantage of other watering-places; only if they *should* any of them chance to light upon the real locality of "apartments to let," I would advise them to be very particular in regard to the *garret-window opposite!*

## THE PROGRESS OF AMERICA.

By JOHN MACGREGOR, M.P.\*

The progress of America is a subject of vast, and we may add boundless extent, and great must have been the courage of Mr. Macgregor to attempt a work of such magnitude. The New World is divided into so many different nations, that to include their history in one book appears almost impossible; but a closer examination will convince our readers that it is by far a better plan than by separating them into different works. At the present time there are the Canadas, the United States, Mexico, Peru, Chili, Brazil, Columbia, and so on, almost *ad infinitum*; not to mention the small European colonies, and Russian America. However, until within comparatively a short period, the whole continent was divided among the British, Spaniards, and Portuguese. Its history is, therefore, much more simple than that of any other quarter of the globe. For some time the French held a very considerable portion of the New World, but their once extended territories have dwindled down to a contemptible dependency.

The history of the discovery of America, and its subsequent conquest, has been described in glowing colours by the immortal Burke, who cast around every subject he touched the magnificent and enduring halo of genius. It would have been foreign to Mr. Macgregor's purpose to have given the history of Mexico with as much fulness as Burke; he dwells, however, sufficiently upon it for every practical purpose, and invests it with considerable interest. Indeed, the first peopling of America by Europeans is one of the most extraordinary portions of history, whether we consider the conquest of Mexico by Cortes, or the proceedings of the Spaniards under Pizarro in Peru. Here, indeed, the interest which is awakened in the fortunes of the adventurers is very much alloyed by the cruelties they practised on the unfortunate natives.

How different was the behaviour of the pilgrim fathers, when they first landed on the shores of North America. But the conduct of both parties may be readily explained: the former left their country with the object of acquiring sudden wealth, by the plunder of a people rich in the precious metals; while the latter sought in the New World a home, and that civil and religious freedom which was denied them in their native land. The Spaniards, however, have suffered a just retribution for their crimes, the influx of gold overthrew the national industry, and they have sunk, it would seem, hopelessly, while we have to bless the virtues of our forefathers, who planted a nation which is every day acquiring fresh vigour and increased wealth.

The French made several attempts to colonize, but succeeded at first in very few places, many of their expeditions meeting with disastrous results. They planted Canada, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and some other settlements in that part of the world. If we can credit the account of Abbé Raynal, the inhabitants of Acadia or Nova Scotia were the happiest beings under the sun. In fact, it would appear more like a paradise on earth. In 1710 this colony was ceded to the English, who took possession of a country of which they scarcely appear to have known the value. The Abbé tells us that such was the attachment which the French had for the honour of their country, that, in submitting to a new yoke, they swore never to bear arms against their former standard, and were called French neutrals. No magistrate was ever appointed to rule over them, and they were never acquainted with the laws of England. No rents or taxes of any kind were ever exacted from them. Their new sovereign seemed to have forgotten them, and they were equally strangers to him. Hunting, which had formerly been the delight of the colony, and might still have supplied it with subsistence, had no further attraction for a simple and quiet people, and it gave way to agriculture. It had been begun in the salt marshes and low lands, by expelling with dikes the sea and rivers which overflowed those plains. These soils at first yielded fifty times as much as before, and afterwards twenty times as much, at least. Wheat and oats succeeded best in them, but they likewise produced rye, barley, and maize. Potatoes were also grown in great plenty, the use of which was become common.

At the same time they had immense meadows, with numerous flocks. Sixty thousand head of horned cattle were computed on them, and most of the families had several horses, though the tillage was carried on by oxen. The habitations, built chiefly of wood, were extremely convenient, and furnished as neatly as a substantial farmer's house in Europe. The people bred poultry of all kinds, which made a variety in their food, and which was

\* The Progress of America, from the Discovery of Columbus to the year 1846. By John Macgregor, M.P., late secretary to the Board of Trade. 2 vols. London: Whittaker and Co. 1847.



in general wholesome and plentiful. Their common drink was beer and cider, with which they sometimes mixed rum.

Their usual clothing was in general the produce of their own flax and hemp, or the fleeces of their own sheep; with these they made common linens or coarse cloths. If any of them had inclination for articles of greater luxury they procured them from Annapolis or Louisburg, and they gave in exchange corn, cattle, and furs. The neutral French had no other articles to dispose of among their neighbours, and they made still fewer exchanges among themselves, because each family was able and had been used to provide for its own wants. They therefore knew nothing of paper currency, which was so common throughout the rest of North America. Even the small quantity of specie which had flown into the colony, did not enter into calculation, which is the only advantage that can be derived from it. Their manners were of course extremely simple. There never was a cause, either civil or criminal, of importance enough to be carried before the court of judicature established at Annapolis. Whatever little differences arose from time to time among them were amicably adjusted by their elders. All their public acts were drawn by their pastors, who had likewise the keeping of their wills, for which, and their religious services, the inhabitants voluntarily gave them a twentieth part of their harvests.

These were plenty enough to support more than a sufficiency for every act of liberality. Real misery was entirely unknown, and benevolence prevented the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved before it was felt, and good was universally dispensed, without ostentation on the part of the giver, and without humiliating the person who received. These persons were, in a word, a society of brethren, every individual of which was equally ready to give and to receive what he thought the common rights of mankind.

So perfect a harmony naturally prevented all those connections of gallantry which are so often fatal to the peace of families. This evil was prevented by early marriages; for no one passed his youth in a state of celibacy. As soon as a young man came to the proper age the community built him a house, ploughed the lands about it, sowed them, and supplied him with all the necessities of life for a twelve-month. Here he received the partner he had chosen, and who brought him her portion of her father's flocks. This family grew up and prospered like the others. They altogether amounted to 18,000 souls.

The picture is beautiful, but events soon occurred which changed the peace and quiet of Acadia into the horrors and turmoil of war.

The history of our own original settlements is exceedingly instructive and curious. The English appear born to encounter toil. Their

minds and bodies are capable of every exertion: Landing on inhospitable shores, they soon converted the howling wilderness into peaceful and fertile valleys. Their indomitable spirit urged them on. Heedless alike of the attacks of the ferocious and skilful savage, and the encounters with the beasts of the forest, they advanced, hewing down the woods and turning the trees into houses and sheds, and making the land around smile with the riches of the harvest. The pioneers of civilization were men of a peculiar mould. Driven from their country by intolerance and by tyranny, they nourished in these settlements a hatred to the Established Church, and fierce opposition to the will of the monarch. These feelings for a long time slumbered, but when the English government attempted to treat them as slaves, they resisted—for seven years passively, then by an open appeal to arms. Mr. Macgregor gives the following admirable account of the origin of the quarrels between the colonies and the mother country:—

“The peace of 1763 terminated a war which was both advantageous and glorious to Great Britain. The treaty of Paris, besides ceding to her several islands in the West Indies, and establishing her power in the East, gave her the sovereignty of the vast continent of America, from the Floridas to the Arctic Sea. The expense of the war, however, was immense, and greatly increased the national debt. Resolutions were soon after taken by ministers to tax the colonies, in order to pay, in a direct and explicit manner, a share of the public burdens. Their ability was not doubted, and it was considered equitable that they should contribute largely for the advantages they possessed. The colonies were, however, fully persuaded, whatever might be the necessities of the mother country, that exclusive of the restrictions laid, during late years, on their commerce, the sole enjoyment of their trade was a tax, in itself more in proportion than all that were levied on the people of Britain. The right of taxing them, without their being represented in the British parliament, they denied, as resolutely as their ancestors did the payment of ship-money to Charles I.; while they claimed also the privilege of being represented, as their undoubted birthright.

“Ministers expressed astonishment on hearing such language from the colonists, and charged them with ingratitude and disloyalty, and with being solicitous only to profit by the generosity of the mother country. The Americans repelled this unfounded charge with indignation. They gloried in calling Britain their mother country; they never disgraced the title; they always obeyed her just and lawful commands; and they submitted for her benefit to heavy burdens and commercial restrictions. During the last war they raised 20,000 men, and maintained them at their own expense; and they fitted out the expedition that took Louisburg in 1745; an-



tedent to which, they supplied the British expedition against Spanish America with several thousands of their best men, and exerted themselves with equal bravery against the French in North America. They assured the King, in their petition, that notwithstanding their sufferings, they retained too high a regard for the kingdom from which they derived their origin to request anything that might be inconsistent with her dignity and welfare. 'These,' said they, 'related as we are to her, honour and duty, as well as inclination, induce us to support and advance.' 'At the conclusion of the last war,' they go on to observe, in one of their addresses to the King and people of Great Britain, 'the Genius of England and the Spirit of Wisdom, as if offended at the ungrateful treatment of her sons, withdrew from the British councils, and left the nation a prey to a race of ministers with whom ancient English honesty and benevolence disdained to dwell.' They did not complain of Parliament, for it had done them no wrong, but solely of the measures of ministers."

The year after the conclusion of the peace, heavy duties were laid on the colonial imports from the French West Indies. This was succeeded by an act to restrain the paper-currency. These measures were followed by Grenville's Stamp Act, which has been characterised as 'The folly of England and the ruin of America.' So bad, indeed, was it, that the ministers were compelled to repeal it the year following. In 1767 the Tea Act was passed. The colonists offered a formidable resistance to it. They threw the tea overboard, allowed no remittances to England, and threatened to stop the exportation of tobacco; they had already forbid the shipment of provisions. Exasperated at the conduct of the Americans, the ministers determined to subdue them by force, and that struggle commenced which ended by adding another nation to the earth. Every effort made by the colonists towards a reconciliation was treated with disdain, and they at last issued their declaration of independence. Since that time they have advanced, if it were possible, still more in prosperity, and may now be justly styled one of the first nations in the world.

The Spaniards were not so fortunate, for although they had the spirit to raise the standard of liberty some forty years afterwards, and although they were successful, they were never able to plant any republic that could be at all compared to the United States. The reason is obvious. The character of the two races is so totally opposed. The Anglo-Saxons are as persevering in their warlike achievements as they are in their commercial pursuits. The Spaniards showed much courage, but it came by fits and starts; they had been so long ground down by religious and civil tyranny as to be almost inca-

pable of self-government, and when, at length, they effected their independence, it was, perhaps, but in name; for when they lost the European domination, they were subjected to the sway of rival and hostile factions, who sought in the sword that solution of their difficulties and differences which the Anglo-Saxons would have looked for in a congress. The republics, however, have advanced, both in commerce and comfort, but it would seem that many more revolutions are to take place before matters will be finally settled. The Portuguese appear to have been more successful in Brazil, and are advancing in civilization with more rapid strides.

British North America has not been behind-hand. The advance in prosperity and wealth has been really astonishing. The influx of emigrants is very great, but scarcely so great as we should have expected. Mr. Macgregor has paid great attention to British North America, particularly in his former work. His opinion is entitled to every consideration. He does not write from mere hearsay; he has travelled and lived in the country, and has had opportunities to study the manners and customs of the inhabitants. The Canadas are inhabited by a curious mixture—the descendants of the original French inhabitants, the English, Scotch, Irish, and parties from every kingdom in Europe. The French are, perhaps, the most simple and primitive in their manners.

"The villages and parishes have a great similarity of appearance, and, although some of them are more extensive and much more populous than others, yet one description is sufficient for all. We cannot but be pleased and happy while travelling through them. They especially seem to be the abodes of simplicity, virtue, and happiness. We pass along delighted through a beautiful rural country, with clumps of wood interspersed amidst cultivated farms, pasture, and herds, decent parish churches, and neat white houses or cottages. The inhabitants are not only always civil, but polite and hospitable; and the absence of beggars, and of the squalid beings whose misery harrows our feelings in the United Kingdom, is the best proof that they are in comfortable circumstances. Thefts are rare, and doors are rarely locked. You never meet a Canadian but he puts his hand to his hat, or *bonnet rouge*, and he is always ready to inform you, or to receive you into his house; and if you be hungry, the best he has is at your service. The manners of the women and children have nothing of the awkward bashfulness which prevails amongst the peasants of Scotland, nor the boorish rudeness of those of England. While we know that each may be equally correct in heart, yet we cannot help being pleased with the manners that smooth our journey; and often have we compared the easy, obliging manners of the

Canadian *habitans* with the rough 'What d'ye want?' of the English boor, or the wondering 'What's your will?' of the Scotch cotters. At the inns, or *auberges*, many of which are post-houses, we find civility, ready attendance, and have seldom to complain of what we pay for. In travelling, we now and then meet a cross erected at the side of the road, on a spot to which some trifling legend is attached. In some places we see large plaster casts of the Crucifixion, under a wooden canopy, supported by four tall posts. I observed one of these in the middle of a marsh near the post road below Kamouraska.

"The house of a captain of militia is always distinguished by a tall flag-staff near it, painted red, or with circles of white, red, blue, and black. The priest's house is always close to the church, and you never see him except in sacerdotal robes. Enter his house, and you are welcome, nor will he let you depart hungry. The parish church, with a pretty light-tinned spire, and sometimes with two, is a striking characteristic feature which occurs at intervals of from four to eight miles along the banks of the St. Lawrence. The houses of the *habitans* are sometimes built of stone, but generally of wood, and only one story high. The walls outside are white-washed, which imparts to them, particularly in summer, when almost everything else is green, a most lively and clean-looking appearance. Each contains a large kitchen, one good sitting-room, and as many sleeping or bedrooms as may be judged requisite. The garret is generally used for lumber, and seldom for bed places. Some of the houses have verandas and a small orchard and garden attached; near the house there is always a clay-built bake-oven and a well; from the latter the water is drawn by means of a lever.

"The parish of St. Thomas, on the Riviere de Sud, is one of the most populous below Quebec. The river flows from the south, through a beautiful, extensive, fertile, and rather thickly-settled country, and rolls over a bed of rocks, twenty feet high, into the St. Lawrence. It has several excellent bridges over it, and along its banks are many of the best cultivated farms in Lower Canada. In the rear of the village, Chapel Hill, a pretty eminence, rises amidst fertile fields.

"In the village there is a handsome, though plain, stone church, said to contain nearly three thousand persons. We had the opportunity of being at this church on a Sunday. Nothing could be more pleasing than the scene which presented itself. It was a delightful, calm summer morning; the meadows, corn-fields, and woods were as richly decked as imagination could well fancy, and the surrounding scenery as interesting as a picturesque tourist could ever wish. The whole creation was wrapt up in peaceful, but not

solemn stillness, for the lovely verdure of the country, thickly decked with neat white cottages, and the smooth flowing beauty of the St. Lawrence, with several tall ships carried along by the tide, banished every impression except those of the most happy admiration, while the spirits were just raised to that pitch of cheerfulness in which neither volubility nor gloom has any share.

"About ten o'clock the roads leading through this extensive parish exhibited a decently dressed peasantry, clad chiefly in fabrics manufactured by themselves, of the wool, flax, leather, and straw produced on their farms. A great multitude moved on with a sober trot, in caleches and cabriolets; several on horseback, and others on foot; but no one disturbed the calm tenor of the day, further than casual converse between two or three.

"In church, if the most close and devout attention during the whole service of the mass, and the delivery of a short, practical, but not argumentative sermon, which dwelt altogether on their moral conduct, without alluding to points of faith, be considered as general proofs of sincerity and piety, the inhabitants of this parish have undeniable claims to these virtues. We believe there is little difference to be found in this respect among the other parishes. If there be, we have failed to discover it; and admitting, as we have frequently heard, that they are religious by habit and imitation, rather than by conviction, no one who has travelled among them can deny that they are sincere, amiable, charitable, honest, and chaste. Let us leave abstract points of Christian doctrine to theological disputants, but if we look for a more correct or moral people than the Canadian *habitans*, we may search in vain. A sabbath morning in the Scotch parishes most remote from towns bears the nearest resemblance to a Sunday before mass in Canada.

"The interval, however, between morning and evening service differs, but not widely—for in both countries those who do not return to their houses spend the time in conversing on local incidents, or communicating what news is gathered during the week. But the evenings of Sunday are far more cheerfully spent than in Scotland. The people of the parish often meet in small groups, or at each other's houses, for the sake of talking, and on these occasions they sometimes indulge in dancing.

"We may always observe beings kneeling along the aisles, or beside the columns, with their faces towards the altar; and as we pass along, we hear the half-smothered breathing of their devotions. At such a time, rather than during the pompous celebration of high mass, few, we believe, have ever found themselves within the walls of a spacious Catholic cathedral that have not experienced a deeper feeling of reverence, and a more impressive consciousness of the presence of Omnipotence,

than is usually experienced within the temples of Protestantism. This, we know, is not philosophy, but it is nature."

No comment is necessary on this passage, its beauty and intrinsic merit are so obvious. Mr. Macgregor appears to be endowed with all those qualifications which are necessary to success. In the composition of this great work he has displayed the most laborious research and pains-taking industry: these qualities alone would render his book valuable, but to them he has joined a simple but powerful style, which cannot fail to be appreciated. From the extracts we have given, our readers will be partly enabled to judge, but our space prevents our giving sufficient for them to obtain any adequate idea of this American library. Every subject connected with the New World is treated with sufficient fulness, and we are at a loss which to admire most—the great learning of the author, or his judgment in the arrangement of the work. The progress of America is so astonishing as to be almost a phenomenon; at least it is a problem most difficult to be solved, and would appear, from its vastness, to be beyond the power of a single mind to explain. Undaunted by the colossal task, Mr. Macgregor set himself resolutely to work, and has now presented to the public a satisfactory solution.

The past is, of course, a fact—the future can only be conjecture; but those who have studied the history of this great continent will not long be at a loss to foresee the inevitable result. The descendants of northern and southern Europe now stand in direct antagonism. The former, brave, resolute, combined, animated by every noble and generous impulse, with power sufficient to overwhelm any enemy, and sweep every obstacle from before their path, are already on the road to conquest. Were the whole nation animated by the same feelings, the overthrow of the Spanish republics would be a matter of difficult but certain success. As our American brethren increase, the tide of population will set southward; nothing will stop their progress until they plant their standard on the most southern point of Cape Horn. These results are yet distant, but they may be distinctly discerned in the vista of futurity.

The descendants of southern Europe are sometimes brave, but undisciplined, and fettered by antiquated customs and prejudices, full of superstition, haughty, and intolerant, with minds and bodies enervated by their lives of comparative idleness and dissipation. Speaking of the slave trade carried on between Brazil and Africa, a late intelligent traveller observes—

"There are points of view in which this traffic wears a more cheering aspect; for any one comparing the puny Portuguese or the bastard Brazilian with the athletic negro, cannot but allow that the ordinary changes

and chances of time will place this fine country in the hands of the latter race. The negro will be fit to cultivate the soil, and will thrive beneath the tropical sun of the Brazils. The enfeebled white man grows more enfeebled and more degenerate with each succeeding generation, and languishes in a climate which nature never designed him to inhabit. The time will come when the debased and suffering negroes shall possess this fertile land, and when some share of justice shall be awarded to their cheerful tempers and ardent minds."

These prophetic words are those of James Brook, Rajah of Sarawak, whose extraordinary vigour, power, and mental resources have gained for him the distinguished position he at present holds. In this opinion of the Brazilians we entirely agree; the negroes will not have much difficulty in overthrowing the present power, but in the course of time they will have to submit to that race which appears destined to carry the blessings of civilization to every quarter of the world.

With what poignant regret must every true lover of his country look back on that struggle which deprived us of our right arm. Had the besotted ministers of the period but attended to the just claims of our transatlantic fellow-countrymen, how different would our position be? Had we admitted them into a share of the government; had we acceded to their demands to be represented in our Parliament, we should have unquestionably been the masters of the world. It appears the destiny of our race, and why should not the task have been performed united? It cannot be doubted but that at some future period we shall have to grant independence to most of our colonies, if we continue to manage as we do at present. We would, however, venture to ask by what process of reasoning can our rulers arrive at the conclusion that an Englishman loses his birth-right by dwelling in the colonies? If he does not lose his birth-right, then why is he not represented? Now that steam brings our colonies within a few days' voyage of our shores, why should not each be represented in the British House of Commons. It would be a tie to the mother country, which no violence would break. Every one of our possessions would have a voice in the legislature, and the benefit to ourselves and our brethren would be incalculable.

Most private persons find the purchase of these expensive books beyond their means, we should therefore recommend as many as belong to book clubs to induce their fellow subscribers to purchase "The Progress of America." We recommend this not only from the intrinsic merit of the work, but also that more just ideas may be entertained of the Americans by our countrymen.

\* Expedition to Borneo, vol. i. p. 9.

## ON THE DISPOSITION TO SATIRISE OUR NEIGHBOURS.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

There is a tendency in human nature which, as it is observable more or less in all men, must to a certain extent be natural, viz., the fondness for turning into ridicule the persons against whom we jostle in life, their foibles, their manners, their dress, their tastes, their modes of expression, and their ideas. Out of what this tendency springs it might be difficult hastily to explain. On a mere superficial glance, it would seem as though the whole world were at war with, and divided irremediably against itself. We hear on all sides nothing but complaints of Mr. This and Mrs. That, or Miss Such-a-one, and Master So-and-so. Somebody is always perpetrating this, and some one is always doing that, and everything our neighbours perform is disagreeable to us in some way or another. We would undertake to give a prize to that man who would come forward and declare that his neighbour ever did a single action entirely to his satisfaction. If he accomplished anything good, was there not something wrong in the manner of its performance? Did no little "but" intrude when you were pronouncing his panegyric? Did you never say, "Ah! it is all very well, but if he had done this too, it would have been better?"

Were men to reflect a little upon the source whence this sentiment springs, they would be more careful to conceal or banish it from their minds. Let us analyse the feeling, let us trace it back to its true source, and what shall we discover? Why, that such is the jealousy implanted in the breasts of some men that they desire to monopolise to themselves every good, every beauty of soul under Heaven. They are conscious of not performing all virtue. Nay, they are intimately convinced of their own weakness and inferiority, and the more convinced they become the less willing are they to allow to others what they do not themselves possess. A man is fearful of hearing the world praise in another what he is himself conscious of being deficient in, and therefore seeks to run down the virtues of his neighbours--not openly, it is true, but much more insidiously under cover of a pleasant railleury, which shall earn for himself a smile and a friendly excuse. "Oh, he does not intend to be ill-natured; he only remarks upon this and that foible by way of joke, or for the sake of amusing his audience."

But a moment or two's reflection would serve to convince this innocent individual, that he is acting all the time in a most unwarrantable manner; since if his object be good he would be careful to represent everything his neighbour performed in the best possible light to the world, and

even bestow superfluous praise in estimating his actions, rather than the contrary. Wherefore satirise that which is good? What occasion is there for speaking ironically of persons if no little evil motive lurked in the background of a man's heart, inciting him to do so?

Satire is a dangerous but fascinating amusement. If kept within due bounds it seems outwardly a mere pardonable method of expending a certain amount of superfluous animal spirits. But however harmless it may be at the commencement, it is like the snowball that, gathering strength and size as it advances, at length proves the terrific avalanche which often carries death to the inhabitants of the mountain hamlet, or the traveller up the hill side.

The young are more especially given to this kind of pleasantry, and for this reason we address ourselves in our present remarks more especially to them. The little child, returning from a juvenile party, begins his career by facetiously relating the events of the evening, and painting his companions in the most *amusing* light possible to the group of brothers and sisters assembled to listen to him. No one is near to check the voluble flow, no interposing parent's voice is raised to enforce silence and represent the true nature of the entertainment the child is affording those who smile and laugh at his relation. Elated by the effect he produces, the young satirist, rendered eloquent by success, proceeds with tenfold vigour and animation.

To attract attention to themselves is one of the desires natural to the generality of youth of both sexes, and, if they find no other method of so doing, they often resort to satire, which they *discover* to be palatable in proportion as it is racy and cutting. The child gradually springs into the youth, and then his shafts are not confined to persons of his own age, but are directed against those elevated above himself by years and position. He spares neither the aged woman nor the gray-haired man. Reverence for those who have grown wiser than himself by passing through the bitter ordeal of experience, who have read deeply the lessons taught by wisdom, is wholly banished or suffered to slumber in his breast. The frivolous youth enters society, his eyes open only to discover the failings and peculiarities of his friends and acquaintances. The lively method in which he is accustomed to analyse human nature presents all things to him in a ludicrous light. At first he is content with entertaining his auditor by mere ridicule, but as the youth grows into the man, as his passions are more developed, his tastes more confirmed, his opinions borrow strength from time, and his judgment is to a certain extent matured, he proceeds to deal more energetically with his neighbours, and

the words which once fell from him in jest, and were intended only as harmless jokes, are now rendered keen by bitterness, and gradually deepen into envenomed satire.

The most dangerous consequence of this taste is, that it will not confine itself to persons, but at last, gradually, the mind becomes so habituated to it that nothing is spared. No; even those institutions which time has hallowed in our estimation, the laws which regulate the universe, the divine morality of the Scriptures,—everything, in fact, which religion teaches us to reverence falls beneath the touch of the satirist. He intends, we will give him the credit to believe, not one half of what he says, but he perpetrates the same evil as though he intended twice as much. He lets fall an unguarded word in the presence of the young, a disrespectful allusion to something holy; he presents what they have been accustomed to regard as most serious in a ludicrous light, and they cannot prevent the smothered laugh, or the half-checked smile from being discerned. Everything which tends, like this, in the slightest degree, to unsettle the mind of youth should be carefully avoided, since it is already only too prone to indulge in doubt as to the certainty of this or that, the truths of one or other relation which it is their bounden duty to believe.

It is distasteful to us to encounter among men a person of this kind, but how much more offensive is it to meet with the satirical young lady. Thrown into a ball-room or a *soirée*, her remarks may serve to entertain her partner; he will affect to be amused by her liveliness, and seem to enter into the spirit of her conversation, and may even attach himself to her during the evening, but he will, if you were carefully to observe him, be most mindful to avoid her at the next party. In the hours which have elapsed between the two meetings, he has been reflecting a little upon the young lady, and the thought has occurred to him—

“Perhaps when I am absent she will immediately take me as a subject for her ridicule, and laugh at all my observations and remarks, as she did at those of my friend —.”

One of her admirers is decidedly gone, and the satirical young lady finds herself gradually abandoned by the whole circle of her acquaintances.

Miss Caroline Beauchamp was an instance of this. She was some years ago a pretty girl, and, moreover, exceedingly fascinating in her manners. Her smile was perfectly irresistible, and her whole *maintien* quite unimpeachable. Educated at a boarding school, amongst a host of companions who all the day long told her of her beauty, and aroused her ambition by the schemes of conquest they projected for her, she learnt early the lesson too often and too strongly inculcated in fashionable boarding-schools—that the whole aim of a young lady's existence is to be married.

That important feat achieved, no future is thought of in this life, much less that better future coming after.

Miss Beauchamp was not quite foolish. She had also learnt that beauty is a valueless article if unaccompanied by certain conversational powers; but, unhappily, she mistook wholly the meaning of her lesson, and imagined that that kind of lively chit-chat—those varied remarks upon the weather, the parks, the gardens, the fêtes, balls, mawkish poetry, and an immense dash of satire, were the subjects a knowledge of which she ought most to cultivate. She began her career by ridiculing her governesses, and then her companions, until she thus distanced from her even her school friends. Whatever natural feelings she possessed were in a measure deadened by her unfortunate failing. The opportunity of saying a smart thing—of making a cutting remark—was a source of too much enjoyment to be given up, even at the risk of offending a friend. She cared not how often she interrupted conversation, to interpose her lively sallies upon the attention of the company. If the most serious relation were going on, some sarcastic remark would surely flow from her lips. No matter whether the narrator were young or old, that consideration never affected her; the observation must be made, and while strangers affected to smile at her behaviour, her friends were experiencing the greatest pain. Not satisfied with satirising their outward idiosyncrasies, she penetrated even into the recesses of the domestic circle, searched out the peculiarities observable in their habits, even into their mode of thought.

Miss Beauchamp was tolerated in society, sometimes even courted, because her manners, as we have remarked above, were to a certain extent fascinating. But it was observed that her friends were perpetually changing. No one ever remained long in her good graces, because she made them the repository of her sallies as long as she thought proper, and then could not refrain from enclosing them also in the circle of her animadversions. Miss Beauchamp grew up and became a handsome young woman. She went into society, and the lively tone of her discourse, the animation of her conversation and manners, drew around her a host of admirers. The moment she entered a room was the signal for most of the young men to assemble round her to listen to her satirical estimate of the characters and persons of those by whom they were surrounded. But though thus courted, it was observable that all shunned a nearer connection with the lively beauty. To meet and converse with Miss Beauchamp in society was quite a different thing to making her a wife, and as soon as prudence suggested the propriety of a retreat it was obeyed.



Passing from one set of friends to another, from the ball to the *soirée*, the theatre to the opera, the park to the gardens, Miss Beauchamp contrived to render her existence very agreeable; and at last it was observed that she was accompanied almost whithersoever she went by a gentleman of unexceptionable moral character, high birth, and great attainments. It was rumoured through fashionable circles that Miss Beauchamp had made another conquest, but that in three weeks it would be at an end and another victim in its place. This time, however, the gossips were disappointed. Miss Beauchamp came not so much into society, and it was observed that she had become somewhat less satirical. Every one of her friends inwardly congratulated themselves upon her improvement, but few were found to put much faith in it. Time went on and the courtships well; the day was at last fixed, and Miss Beauchamp was invited here and invited there; every one vied with the other in showing her attention, and she became as reckless as ever in her favourite amusement. Secure in her conquest, satisfied of the power she had obtained over the mind of her lover, she began to include him in the scope of her animadversions, and day after day held him up in the least amiable light before her friends. She did not intend any harm; she fancied herself devotedly attached to him, and regretted the moment after she had suffered the words to escape her lips that she had not the courage to repress them. His incessant attention, however, his manly seriousness, gave her abundant opportunities of amusing herself at his expense. He withstood it long; he forgave her a hundred times, but even his patience was at length exhausted. It was rumoured again that the match was broken off. The real reason, however, never transpired beyond the limits of the domestic circle, but it is supposed that, indignant at some inconceivable stretch of her satirical vein, and impatient of the continual trials to which she put his forbearance, the gentleman became at last resolved to bear his yoke no longer.

Certain, however, it is that they never met again. He went abroad and married another. Miss Beauchamp remained Miss Beauchamp still. After her marriage was broken off, the bitterness incident to such an occurrence displayed itself in every action. She gave more venom to her satire, armed her arrows with double keenness, and stung all whom she approached. Age came upon her, and, so far from profiting by her sad experience, she became yet more bold, until she was shunned by her friends, and deserted by all, save by those alone whom interest directed to cling to her.

Our story is a simple one; but let our youthful readers mark the moral it conveys. Why was her old age unlighted by the gleam of affection? Why was she denied all the sweet

privileges enjoyed by declining years, lightened up by the lovely looks of children and husband? Why did she sink at last to the grave unregretted and unrespected? Why was she excluded from the society of her fellow-men, left to commune in solitude with her own bitter thoughts, and shunned almost as a traveller shuns the serpent that lies in wait for him, with venomous sting, in the jungle of the Indian wastes? Simply, because in the whole course of her life she never once thought of others—Why should others think of her? Because, again, she exerted unsparingly a power she possessed, which gave enjoyment to herself and pain to others. Because she was too selfish to deny herself pleasure even when the denial would bestow ultimate pleasure upon others.

Persons may excuse themselves from satirising their friends, on the plea that their object is to banter them out of their failings. But that this is a false theory even those who urge it upon our notice cannot but confess if they bring themselves to reflect upon the matter. For, be it remembered, that evil is not a subject on which light words may be spoken at hazard. If there is anything decidedly wrong in the conduct of your friends, the way to correct them is not, most assuredly, to speak of it in a manner which proclaims you to be as lenient to the sin as themselves. You may say that your position in their esteem does not warrant you to speak gravely upon their offence. Then, in that case, you have no right to speak at all. Either declare boldly your sentiments in a straightforward yet gentle tone, or refrain from giving them expression.

A hundred reasons will be urged in defence of the habit of satirising friends and neighbours, but none are really genuine. For what is satire but the giving a ludicrous appearance to the words and actions of our fellow-men which were not intended to be such, and the desire to represent them in false colours to mankind? Satire is, then, an evil, and an evil which should be promptly abandoned. Let it but proceed, let it but gain ground in society, as now it has too much the disposition to do, and what shall we render it? Not a means of assembling together in amity—of interchanging thoughts and ideas—of giving to another the results of those studies pursued in private for the enlightenment of mankind—of indulging in instructive conversation—of drawing more closely the bonds of social friendship—of perfecting that harmony which should exist amongst all God's creatures;—but instead, we say society will become a means of enlarging those broad plains of reserve only too apt to expand between man and man—of distancing heart from heart—of preventing friendship—and of rendering mankind so many isolated fragments of what

would otherwise form one magnificent whole, working together for the attainment of a mighty object: the enlightenment of endless ages yet to come, the discovery of truth, the dissipation of darkness, and the diffusion of a pure religion over the benighted corners of the earth.

Let us only ask the bitter satirist how he feels when his task is done?—what are those inmost thoughts which arise, in moments of seclusion from the innermost depths of his soul? and tell him that he is the enemy of all mankind, but chiefly of himself,—because he deprives himself of all those endless, those nameless sources of enjoyment which spring from a free and wholesome intercourse with our fellow men, and secludes himself utterly from the throng from whom he may, if he will, learn and profit much.

Surely the universe is broad enough for all. If satire springs either from envy or rivalry, let it be dispensed with. The world is large, the scope where man is free to roam almost boundless; there is space for the development of each man's peculiar taste; each family may adopt its own notions; each person may follow the bent of his inclination. Let satire be directed alone against clamorous men who aim at demolishing the glorious foundation on which our best and noblest institutions rest, who covertly seek to stab at your religion, your constitution, and your laws; but let the decree which God has made—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"—pervade every homestead, light up the social hearth, and shed a bright gleam over all our assemblies. Let it be borne in mind that though distanced from each other here by the barriers of pride, envy, and jealousy, we must stand hereafter at the same bar of justice; and the good, no matter what their station or their rank, will inhabit one place, where none are preferred before the other; and the wicked in the same way. These are no hallucinations of the closet, they are practical truths; no fanciful views of what the world might become, but proper ones of what it should. The fabric of society is damaged, it must be the work of all good citizens to aid in repairing its foundations.

## CECILIA ARMAND;

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

### BOOK II.

#### CHAPTER I.—THE CONCIERGERIE.

One of the most prominent buildings in the island of the *cité* in Paris is the vast Palais de Justice, with its gloomy turreted prison on one side, the Conciergerie, which relic

of the early days of French history rears its gloomy head and pointed towers, inhabited by owls, to the sky.

In one of the gloomy and dark dungeons of this second Bastille—sad Bastille, too, because the prison which liberty used in its awful struggle with the knaves and fools who sought to restore the paternal reign of despotism—and not many yards from where lay awaiting her trial the Austrian Princess, ex-Queen of France, and beside the cell of Josephine Beauharnais, the future wife of him who leaped all armed from the follies of patriotism, to crush the very breath of freedom, and make France one vast camp and prison, Arthur Armand was awaiting his trial—if the horrid farce of justice which the Commune of France had instituted could be so called. All access to him had been denied. His wife had asked to share his prison, but was refused. The accused was *au secret*.

Not being a *ci-devant* monarch, he had not, like Marie Antoinette, the presence even of gaolers to cause some change in his ideas. He was alone, to dwell with pity and shame on the frightful reign of terror which, under the inspiration of ex-physician Marat, was decimating France, and made of the prisons of Paris one vast charnel-house. His thoughts referred to his beloved wife, utterly ignorant as he was that she had a friend in the world.

The morning of the second day the monotony of his existence ceased.

About ten o'clock there came to his door, as he could hear, several men. A key was inserted in the lock, and an officer summoned him.

"Citoyen Armand!"

"I am here."

"Then follow, quick; *en avant, marche*."

Armand obeyed, and leaving his cell found himself in the presence of several municipal guards of most ferocious aspect, headed by a magistrate with huge tri-coloured scarf.

Without a word, Armand was placed in the centre of the group, and marched off through the gloomy corridors of the Conciergerie towards the equally-lugubrious halls of the Palais de Justice, halting only when in the vast apartment known as the *Salles Des Pas Perdus*.

Armand now looked about him. At one end was a rude table, with a few chairs surrounding it, and benches; while two railed-off partitions served for the witnesses and accused. Of the latter there were many. Old men and young, women, children even—some innocent, some guilty, none perhaps worthy of any other punishment save a reprimand. But these were times apart from all others. The populace, so recently emancipated, looked with terror to the prospect of a counter-revolution which should place them at the mercy of their tender fellow-country-

men, the royalists, who threatened to reduce Paris to a heap of ashes. Under the influence of this dread it was that they denounced right and left all who dared a word against the revolution, all even who were lukewarm—in fine, all who were only not enthusiastic.

In about five minutes Fouquier-Tinville, the hideous judge of this awful court, took his seat.

"How many birds this morning?" he said, addressing the public accuser.

"Twenty."

"Ah," replied the judge, with an angry frown, "thou art slow, citizen. The day which sees not fifty heads fall, that day the republic is betrayed."

"Sixty were executed yesterday," replied the accuser meekly.

"Sixty! and there are a hundred thousand traitors in Paris."

"*Greffier!* the first case, the Citoyenne Louise Granier."

"Louise Granier!" replied the municipal officer, thrusting forward a pale and trembling woman, of quiet and unassuming appearance.

"Citoyenne Granier," said Fouquier-Tinville, glancing at the accusation, "thou art an aristocrat."

"Ah!" said the poor woman, half dead with fright.

"Woman!" thundered the judge, "I want an answer."

"I am a poor corset-maker," said the accused, trembling.

"Exactly," replied the judge, "thou panderest to the wasteful tastes of aristocracy. But thou art further accused of saying that Louis Capet was murdered."

"Citoyen judge," said Louise Granier, "I thought so."

"Thou hadst no right to think," continued the dreadful expounder of the Draconian law. "Louis Capet was executed, after just trial; who says he was murdered accuses the whole people. Thou art condemned."

"To what?" cried the victim, half madly.

"To what?" said the judge, with astonishment. "Thou art curious. The brothers Samson will inform thee."

And carelessly examining the names before him, the president called the next case.

"Arthur Armand."

The young man advanced proudly towards the bench of the accused.

"Citoyen, thy name?" said the judge, sternly.

"Citoyen Arthur Armand," replied the artist, quietly.

"Thou liest! thy name is Arthur de Miremesnil, *ci-devant* viscount."

The young man started, but said nothing.

"Thy age?"

"Twenty-six."

"Thy profession?"

"Artist."

"In what?" grinned Fouquier-Tinville.

"Not in human blood, like thee," replied the young man, calmly.

"Brute! idiot!" cried the judge, furiously, "thou art condemned."

"Citoyen judge," said a little man rising, "I have a word to say."

"Ah! M. Palivat," answered the judge frowning, "and what hast thou to say?"

"I am the prisoner's counsel," said the little man quietly.

"But this is false," cried the judge; "the prisoner has no counsel."

"Ask him," urged the little man, making a slight sign to the young man.

"Accused," said the angry judge, "hast thou a counsel?"

"I have," replied Armand.

"Very well," muttered the judge, "and what hast thou to say?"

"Citoyen," continued the counsel, "I have here two certificates that the accused, Arthur Armand, is a good patriot, that he is a sincere Republican, and has abjured all connection with the aristocracy."

"Who are they from?" said the judge, sulkily.

"The first," replied the other gravely, "is from the Citoyen Maximilian Robespierre."

"Ah!" exclaimed the judge, biting his nails, for he saw his prey escaping.

Arthur Armand raised his eyes in the utmost astonishment.

"The second is from the Citoyen General St. Just," said the counsellor continuing.

"Well!" growled the judge.

"In the face of these certificates, it will be necessary to proceed with great caution," said the defender significantly.

"Certainly, certainly," said the judge, "what is the charge?"

"Stand forth—"

"Present," said the ruffian.

"Thou denouncest the Citizen Arthur Armand?" inquired the judge.

"I do, as an aristocrat and a counter revolutionist."

"What are thy grounds?"

"He speaks ill of the representative Marat. I have heard him call him a blood-thirsty monster."

"Humph!" said the judge with an abominable grin, "is that all?"

"I accuse him of having published a caricature insulting the majesty of the people, in the person of the Citoyen Robespierre."

"Thy proofs?" said the judge, fiercely.

"I have only my word," exclaimed the other, trembling.

"Thou art a miserable royalist!" thundered the judge, "and hast calumniated a good citizen. If the accused, Arthur Armand, has two citizens to answer for him he is free."

The young man looked hopelessly round.

"Call the Citizen Brutus Tranchemontaine, and the Citoyenne Theroigne de Mericourt," said the counsellor quietly.

At this moment a small piece of paper was handed to the judge, whose angry face became radiant, and his eyes, flashing fire, were fixed with a saturnine look on the prisoner.

"Citizen Brutus Tranchemontaine," exclaimed the magistrate, addressing our acquaintance of the *Cafe Sans Culotte*, "thou answerest for the revolutionary character of the ex-Viscount de Miremesnil?"

"Tête de Bœuf! I should think so," said the namesake of the Roman patriot, energetically.

"And who art thou?"

"Brutus Tranchemontaine, one of the patriots of the 10th of August, secretary of the revolutionary section of Montmartre."

"Oh!" said the judge, "are these all thy qualities?"

"No," replied the other audaciously, "add *assomeur d'aristocrate*," he added, striking his stick upon the pavement.

"Oh! oh! *Citoyen Assomeur d'Aristocrate*, and thou art ready to answer for the good citizenship of the brother of the notorious Count de Miremesnil."

"Yes!" replied Brutus, without flinching, "the Count is a brigand, a *scelerat*, who has vowed to save the widow Capet, but his brother is a republican of the first water."

"And thou, Theroigne de Mericourt?" inquired the judge, while Armand remained in a state of bewildered astonishment, both at the certificates and the witnesses.

"President, my patriotism is known. My proofs are many; and I positively state that I am not more zealous than the Citoyen Armand," replied the amazon firmly.

"I am sorry," said the judge, with a cynical smile, "to disappoint so many zealous patriots, but the accused is positively denounced as a royalist conspirator, by the Citoyen Marat, and must remain *au secret* until fresh instructions."

Arthur Armand was at once removed from the accused's bench. Brutus Tranchemontaine and Theroigne de Mericourt made an attempt to speak to him as he was led away, but in vain. They then left the Palais de Justice in company.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE RUE DES CORDELIERS.

In the street known as the Rue des Cordeliers was an apartment of somewhat large dimensions, but presenting an appearance of dirt and poverty, which was the more disgusting that it was wholly unnecessary. A bed, the sheets of which were dingy, and soiled, as much by long use as ink, occupied one side of the room. Near at hand

was a table covered with proof sheets, half written pages, files of newspapers, half a dozen pens, and numerous letters; beside this was a board, which served as a book-shelf, on which lay a strange assembly of books, amongst which Raynal and Montesquieu were the most thumbed, if we except the Bible, of which the occupant of this dwelling was used to say, "The Revolution is in this book. Nowhere is the people's cause so eloquently pleaded; nowhere are the rich and powerful of the earth so severely handled. Jesus Christ is our master!"

Man's heart is truly an abyss, and how far this was hypocrisy, how far sincerity—and, then, the man was mad—but one power can judge.

A man sat at the table writing, as if he had just sat down when about to go out.

With a dirty jacket, the sleeves of which were tucked up like those of a workman at work; with velvet breeches spotted with ink, blue worsted stockings, shoes tied on the instep with whip-cord, a dirty shirt open at the breast, hair smoothed on the temples, and tied in a bunch behind by a leathern thong, with a broad brimmed hat falling on his shoulders: his costume was that of a thorough *Sans Culotte*. His head was large, the more remarkable that he was short, not being more than five feet high, and leant upon the left shoulder. He was strongly built, though neither stout nor fat. His shoulders were round, his arms powerful; a short neck gave him the more hideous appearance. His visage was bony, his nose aquiline, broad at the bridge and flattened, the end prominent; his lips were thin, his forehead large; his eyes were a grey yellow, quick, piercing—at times gentle and tender; his eyebrows were scarcely perceptible, his beard was black, his hair brown.

Such was Jean Paul Marat.

Near him sat a woman, whose eye was wandering over the MS. pages of a romance, and one too of the Rousseau character, mingled with something which equally characterised Louvet.

The woman was Albertine Marat, sister of the demagogue, who, with another woman, worshipped his very name; this latter, after his death, calling herself the widow Marat.

The Romance was from the pen of the Conventionalist himself, and bore for title "The Adventures of the young Count Potousky."\*

"Albertine," said the anarchist, gently, "thou hast four hundred papers to fold."

The legislator-journalist wrote his paper, corrected it, and in a great measure folded the copies, and sent them by post.

\* We have seen the autograph MS. of this sentimental romance, which before this is published will have appeared in print. It but renders this monstrous fool of the revolution the more incomprehensible.

"Brother," replied the woman, "I was reading thy romance."

"Trash!" said the friend of the people, cynically, "who can think of sentiment now. I have just repeated my demand for three hundred thousand heads."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Albertine, with admiration.

"Yes!" cried the ex-physician. "I hate blood; but some drops must be spilt to save the nation."

"Citoyen Marat!" said a voice from without.

"Come in," replied the conventionalist, casting an uneasy glance towards the door, for never was a greater coward.

The denouncer of Armand entered.

"What news," said the *Ami du Peuple*, completely reassured. The man however seemed to snuff the coming dagger of Charlotte Corday.

"The Citoyen Armand is put *au secret*."

"Excellent."

"But, citizen, the judge almost let him go."

"How!" scowled Marat, his grey eye flashing fire.

"The citizens had certificates of civism from the *representants* Robespierre and St. Just," replied the printer.

"Ah!" said Jean Paul, biting his thin lips until the blood came. "Robespierre! Robespierre! thou art ever in my path."

"Besides," added the denouncer, "he had two patriot witnesses."

"Who?" said Marat, taking up a pen.

"Theroigne de Mericourt."

"Ah!" growled Marat; "her I cannot touch: the other?"

"Citoyen Brutus Tranchemontaine."

"Ah!" said Marat, uneasily, "the man of the Cafe Sans Culotte. But he denounced the Citoyen Armand to me."

"Trick!" replied the spy.

"Ah!" said Marat, with a tiger glance.

"He knew a serious accusation would delay execution, and I know knew nothing then of the certificates of the inseparables."

"Hum! hum!" mused Jean Paul; "who is this Brutus Tranche-devil?"

"I suspect him," replied the man, drily.

"Ah! ah! of what?"

"Of being a royalist conspirator in disguise."

"Hast thou any proof?" said Marat, his eyes glaring.

"None; but I hope to get some."

"Good! see thou art quick. Thy country will reward thee."

"As it did the battalion of the Loire," sneered the man, pettishly.

"And how was that?" asked Marat, quietly.

"Thou knowest not, citizen?" said the spy, flattered at his superior historical *savoir*.

"I ask thee."

"They had been very brave, this bare-footed battalion, with more shots than shoes."

"What then?"

"The Convention sent them thanks and a reward."

"Well?"

"The revolutionary agent passed them in review. Not one had a shoe to his foot."

"Excellent patriots," said Marat, "and what was their reward?"

"Addressing them, the agent said, 'Battalion of the Loire, thou hast deserved well of thy country, the country thanks thee, and sends thee wooden shoes.'"

"Magnificent!" exclaimed Marat sincerely. "That is the way republicans are rewarded. The men who do such things are sublime. But thou wouldst have more solid reward?"

"Yes," muttered the spy.

"Thou art tired of thy country's service. I shall denounce thee this night."

"No, citizen," said the trembling agent, "I will at once seek out this Brutus."

"Spoken well, and now accompany me to the Jacobin Club, I go to denounce the Citoyen Robespierre, and have the country declared in danger."

With these words the dirty tribune of the people bade his sister adieu, and moved towards the place where was held the celebrated Jacobin Club, of which the Duke de Chartres\* was that evening to be elected a member.

## FEMALE AMBITION.

### A TALE.

"Beauty is valuable or worthless, according to the price it will fetch." *Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*

Aurelia Danvers was the only child of a wealthy tradesman of the city of London, and, like most only children, had been completely spoiled from her cradle. Unendowed by nature with a mind of more than common capacity, or a heart of more than ordinary sensibility, the fountains of sense and feeling had, from constant and unlimited indulgence, become obstructed or closed. It soon became apparent that she would be very handsome, a fact that her parents, especially her mother, took due care to impress upon her childish thoughts, together with the nature and extent of the influence that personal beauty would hereafter give her in the world. Thus Aurelia, by the time she was twelve years old, had become as vain and selfish as any girl of her age.

Her father, a shrewd tradesman, had made his money by honourable industry and per-

\* Now Louis Philippe, King of France!



severance, but he was a man of the last century—of humble origin, and bred in all the servile worship of wealth and power, at that time common to his class. As he rose in the world, his servility was exchanged for ostentation, and he began to transfer some of the dirt that he had received in his ascent to the shoulders of those beneath him. Not that he was either a merciless creditor, or a tyrannical master, but Mr. Danvers had been in his youth an inveterate Mammon worshipper, and felt proportionately elated at exchanging the sackcloth and ashes of a humble votary for the golden insignia of a priest of the temple. His wife, the daughter of a retired linendraper, was of a temper to foster this disposition to the utmost. Aurelia, the sole heiress of his large and rapidly-increasing property, became early and deeply impressed with her splendid birthright and prospects, and soon began to show that she possessed many qualities and acquirements for fulfilling her destiny with *ease*. Besides the usual routine of female accomplishments, which she acquired with great readiness, she had a lively temper, was an accomplished mimic, and could amuse her parents and companions for hours by mimicking with precocious humour, the infirmities and defects, bodily as well as mental, of their relations and friends. But her father, who had fostered this habit from the amusement that he derived from it, was not aware that she would not scruple to exercise it now and then at his own expense, when she thought that she was safe from detection; and as her companions too, were, of course, each in her turn subject to the same process, the better educated among them speedily dropped her acquaintance, and the places of these being filled by others less nice, our heroine became surrounded from her very childhood, by a set of incipient parasites.

At the age of fourteen she was sent to finish her education at a celebrated boarding school that had long been held in high estimation for its system of fashionable tuition. Indeed, it was generally thought that the brilliant matches made by so many of the young ladies issuing from Mrs. Dorville's establishment were owing chiefly to her admirable method of training her pupils. True, most of these matches had, in the end, turned out unhappily, still the school had retained its reputation.

With the exemplary matron at its head the whole process of education was made subservient to obtain for her pupils splendid matrimonial establishments. For this purpose, besides all those accomplishments which the best masters could confer upon them, Mrs. Dorville justly prided herself upon giving them *l'air noble et distingué*—those subtle and indefinable graces of manner and high breeding, in short, which, to

the true votary of the world, no time can be mispent, no pains too great, in acquiring. It was also a part of this lady's system rigidly to preserve among her scholars the distinctions of wealth and caste. Here the youthful inheritor of nobility was impressed with her birthright of arrogance and contempt for the less fortunate companion of her studies, while the latter was duly instructed in the suppleness and deceit which were to lead her hereafter to wealth and distinction.

When Aurelia entered the school she was, to do her justice, both surprised and shocked at the repulsive haughtiness of her noble fellow pupils, but, soon coming to a better knowledge of the tactics of the place, she attacked her adversaries with such spirit and adroitness that many of these high-born young ladies were not ashamed to purchase exemption from her raillery, by bribes, blandishments, and peace offerings of all sorts. These were eagerly accepted by Aurelia, who, after being thus bribed into neutrality, contrived, by means of a plentiful supply of money from her father, so to reciprocate the favours of her new friends as, in a short time, to worm herself completely into their confidence. Her intercourse with these scions of nobility was admirably suited to foster those passions the seeds of which had already been so thickly and carefully sown in her mind. Her former ideas of worldly greatness were nothing to those which she now imbibed. Coronets, titles, estates, the splendours of royal drawing-rooms, the joys of unbounded wealth, the inestimable happiness of those in possession of these things, and the utter meanness of all who, having them not, are as the worms that creep and are fit only to be trodden upon,—such were the unvarying topics of conversation in their hours of confidence, among the pupils in this seminary for the education of the female mind. Our heroine listened till her ears tingled. All the splendid regalia of rank and wealth were opened to her view, and, if she was mortified beyond measure at her former narrow ideas of earthly felicity and grandeur, her heart bounded at the thought that, in her beauty and fortune, she possessed the key that would unlock to her new-born aspirations the elysium before her. Under the influence of these reflections, she improved to the utmost her intimacy with her new friends, and contrived, before she left school, to be introduced to several families of distinction. At eighteen she returned home, fully resolved to realise the dreams of ambition with which her mind was now inflated, by using to the utmost the means which nature and fortune had bestowed upon her.

While Aurelia was at school, her father died, and her mother, after disposing of the

business, had retired to the country with an ample fortune, of the greater part of which our heroine now came into possession, and was thus enabled to begin her career with an *éclat* suited to the distinguished part that she had resolved to play in the world. Her personal attractions were considerable. She was very handsome: her figure had that full and voluptuous roundness, which, to the votary of the sex, is often more attractive than fine features. Her eyes were large, dark, lustrous, and full of a *malice prepense* which she was prepared to exercise, without scruple, on all whom she disliked, or who should venture to cross her path. Her manners, although in the most received style of the *ton*, wanted real dignity, and

"The nameless grace of polished ease."

Once more at home, she soon contrived to rid her mother's house of most of its former visitants; and having scornfully rejected one or two offers from young men of her own class, she began to speak openly of her matrimonial views, and her resolution not to connect herself with any family but one of acknowledged gentility. "Indeed, her excellent friend Georgiana Camborough had, the last time that she saw her, told her that with her fortune and attractions, she might hope to ally herself even to a noble family." Now, it may be asked why the fair Georgiana, who would have liked nothing better than to place her heel on her beloved friend's neck, should have been induced thus to flatter her vanity and feed her ambition; but Georgiana had her reasons for what she did, and very good ones they were. In the first place, it was upon Aurelia's presenting her friend with a diamond ring of considerable value, that this piece of delicate flattery was administered. Georgiana had an inordinate passion for dress and jewellery, which her father, Sir Gilbert, who was of a noble but needy family, was unable to satisfy. Aurelia, therefore, supplied her companion's wants with all the disinterested readiness of friendship, and got value received for her trinkets, in introductions to high people. But there was another reason for this stroke of friendship on the part of Georgiana.

Among the noble fellow pupils of Aurelia at Mrs. Dorville's was the young Lady Barbara Lunville. This girl, who was a baroness in her own right, and the female representative of one of the oldest families in the kingdom, treated Aurelia, as the daughter of a city tradesman, with the most repulsive *hauteur* from the time of her entering the school. Aurelia retaliated in the way which we have said. Lady Barbara, whose rank would, according to the regulations of the place, have exempted her from noticing these attacks, like a bad general who is tempted from his stronghold to a contest with a better disciplined army, retorted in the

same way. The consequence was, an implacable war between these champions of the softer sex, which, after long raging with various success, ended in the total discomfiture of Lady Barbara, who was fairly rallied into silence, if not submission, by her low-born adversary, who did not fail to make her feel to the utmost the consequences of defeat. There is no hate like that of baffled pride and self-love; hence a deep and implacable enmity was implanted in the bosom of Lady Barbara towards Aurelia. Nevertheless, the hatred of these two young ladies might have ceased; nay, they might have soon forgotten the very existence of each other, after they left school, had not the family of Sir Gilbert Camborough been intimate with that of Lady Barbara, and thus, by means of a common friend—there is nothing like a common friend for blowing the dying embers of hostility into a blaze—the belligerents were brought into close and active contact.

The flattering hints of Georgiana were supposed to refer to two young gentlemen who had lately been very marked in their attentions to Aurelia. These gentlemen were the two sons of Lord Skeffingham, the Honourable Medhurst and Augustus Falconer. His lordship was old and a valetudinarian, with an unencumbered estate of sixty thousand a year. Medhurst, his eldest son, was of course the more desirable match, but Augustus had had the start of him with the lady, having been introduced to her while his brother was on the Continent.

The family of Lady Barbara had long meditated an alliance with that of Lord Skeffingham by uniting her to Augustus Falconer. Accident had thrown them a good deal together during childhood, and although no direct advances had yet been made, the young lady's hopes were high, and the wishes of her family warm on the subject. When, therefore, Lady Barbara saw this spawn of a city shopkeeper, as she habitually called Aurelia, about to seize the prize that her ladyship had been taught from infancy to look upon as her own, her rage became ungovernable; she denounced her rival, whenever and wherever she could venture to do so, as a creature who ought to be at once driven with contempt from the circles into which she had presumed to intrude, and made an example to all Cheshire ambition and Whitechapel pride. Greatly was Lady Barbara relieved from this state of anxiety and suspense, by perceiving the open admiration evinced by Medhurst Falconer for Aurelia, and the intention immediately betrayed by her of transferring her designs from the younger to the elder brother. Straightway her ladyship gave the necessary hints to Georgiana, the common friend, to lose no time in persuading Aurelia that Medhurst Falconer was passionately in love with her. "My dear Georgie," said she, with a flushed

cheek and a quivering lip, "you, and you alone know how I hate that girl—help me but to drag her under my foot—aid me but to trample her into the dirt whence she sprung, and be ever after my best friend." But Aurelia wanted no hints on so interesting a subject as the attentions of Medhurst Falconer. Already had she revelled in the splendid dream of ambition thus opened to her view—already had she felt her brows bound with the round and top of nobility—had bent in graceful humility before the throne of her sovereign, at a Court proverbial for its splendour and beauty; and, indeed, her manners had acquired an additional haughtiness in consequence of these visions.

Medhurst Falconer, on whom the ambitious hopes of our heroine were now fixed, was in the thirtieth year of his age; but he looked much older. A life of early and unceasing debauchery had made considerable inroads on a constitution naturally good. His excesses had been such that his father had obliged him, about two years previous to this period, to travel on the Continent, until certain whispers respecting his habits had blown over. He had now just returned, a broken-down libertine at thirty, incapable of any but animal sensations, and with his passions, such as they were, pallid to satiety. Whatever beauty nature might have bestowed on him, was entirely effaced from his countenance, which was of an ashy paleness, and chiefly remarkable for an habitual sneer which curled the lips, as if in scorn of all who could find zest in the cup of youthful enjoyment, of which he had himself drank to repletion: unlike the more refined sensualist, there was in his manners a coarse libertinism, which the restraints of society veiled without concealing, and from which every woman of delicacy instinctively shrank. If, as has been said, true nobility of manner will show itself in spite of the most adverse circumstances, so also will its reverse: placed on a throne, in all the pomp and circumstance of royalty, a very superficial observer would have detected Medhurst at a glance.

Such was the person on whom the eyes of our heroine were now cast for the means of realising the golden dreams that had so long and deeply occupied her thoughts, while Medhurst looked on her handsome face and fine voluptuous form as the epicure did on the newly-invented dish which he offered half his fortune to purchase.

Meantime Aurelia continued her career of conquest; subalterns were subdued at country fetes, and heroes of the turf at race balls; but these and other sacrifices to her vanity were made for the gratification of the passing moment only, and so little did she care for the pain that she might inflict that a certain portion became necessary to render the victim an acceptable one.

But whatever might be thought by the world at large of her conduct in this respect, it seemed to have but little effect on the success of the schemes in which she was so deeply engaged. The attentions of Medhurst continued, and, in short, ere three months had elapsed, they were married, and she became the Honourable Mrs. Falconer. The marriage, which took place at a fashionable church in town, with becoming *éclat*, was duly announced in the *Morning Post*. It was in a state of glowing and indescribable self-elation that Aurelia returned from the altar to exult in this noble fruition of her hopes. Nor did it seem that fortune was yet tired of bestowing her favours on her youthful votary. If, in marrying Medhurst, she had secured the reversion of a coronet and sixty thousand a year, fate had resolved that she should not have long to wait for actual possession. Within another three months Lord Skeffingham was seized at his country seat with a disorder, which it soon appeared would be fatal. Medhurst, who was in town with his wife, was hastily sent for. Augustus was now on the continent. On the third day after her husband had left her, Aurelia received a letter from him, saying that his father was dead; but enjoining her to keep the news a profound secret, even from their own domestics, until his return. Aurelia thought these injunctions both useless and tantalising; but she had no want, in the meantime, for agreeable employment for her thoughts. In a few days, at furthest, she must be openly received as Lady Skeffingham, take possession of the splendid family mansion in Grosvenor-square, and become the mistress of an immense fortune. In her brilliant transit to the regions of aristocracy, parents, friends, and relations, were alike forgotten. Indeed, her whole life, up to this time, seemed but as a probationary state to prepare her for her present exaltation. Her own fortune, and the toil and care with which her father accumulated it, she looked on merely as stepping-stones to that exalted sphere in which she thought that her beauty and manners naturally entitled her to move.

These visions of coming greatness were not altogether unmingled with painful retrospections. Her heart festered as she thought of Georgiana and Lady Barbara. Dire were the pangs which these young ladies (especially Georgiana) had inflicted on the self-love of our heroine, who, young as she was, had contrived to make a great many enemies, and had begun to feel this. The terms "jilt" and "hollow-hearted coquette" had become the common adjuncts to her name. A severe check which, just before her marriage, her arrogance and effrontery had received, in her own drawing-room, from an old friend of her family, had given her enemies a further hold upon her. A set of young men, to whom Georgiana had eagerly

repeated the story, listened to it with the keenest enjoyment. Of all these things Aurelia had, of course, been duly informed; and they had goaded her temper to the very edge of endurance. Still she had smothered her anger until now, when, the necessity for doing so having ceased, she murmured an implacable vengeance on her parasitical friend. "So, my dear Georgiana, the time is at last come to show you my deep sense of your many kind offices—you shall carry the marks of my gratitude to your grave, my well-beloved friend, even in the print of my foot on your throat."

It was on the day after Lord Skeffingham's funeral, and within a day or two of her husband's return, that Aurelia received a letter from Lady Camborough. Her ladyship had heard of his lordship's death, and would be at home on the following morning, if Mrs. Falconer would drive over. The letter was directed, as usual, to the *Honourable Mrs. Falconer*, but this our heroine easily accounted for by supposing that Lady Camborough had heard the news from Medhurst, who had, of course, enjoined secrecy on her also. Next morning, as she drove to her ladyship's house, she occupied her thoughts in conjecturing what her reception would be, and what her own manners should be in return. She had not very clearly settled either point when she reached her friend's house. Lady Camborough was at home. Aurelia stepped out of the carriage, was ushered up stairs by a footman, heard herself announced, as she hoped for the last time, as Mrs. Falconer, and the next moment found herself in the presence of Lady Camborough, Georgiana, Lady Barbara, and a Mr. Colton, a rejected lover of Aurelia's. Her ladyship, although she still greeted her as Mrs. Falconer, advanced to meet her with a dignified *empressment*, at which our heroine was all delighted acquiescence. It was clear that Lady Camborough had heard the news from Medhurst. After the first greeting was over, "Now, Mr. Colton," said her ladyship, "you can finish the story that the arrival of Mrs. Falconer interrupted."

"Oh! my dear madam," replied Colton, turning to Aurelia, "the drollest circumstance! You remember Mrs. Taunton, the retired druggist's widow?"

Aurelia recollected her perfectly.

"Well, you know that she affects fashion, and talks of her gentle blood derived from her half brother's first cousin's wife being related by marriage to Lord Hadley of Headington's daughter-in-law. It seems that some money transactions which her late husband had with Lord Thornhill rendered an interview necessary with the widow; and his lordship, whose family name you may remember is Gubbins, wrote to her, naming a day on which his son would wait

on her. Accordingly, at the appointed time, Mr. Gubbins appeared, and was received by the youthful widow (who had heard him spoken of as a miracle of beauty and high-breeding) in an elegant morning *deshabille*. Without giving him time to enter on his business, she invited him to partake of a cold collation to which she was about to sit down, and opened upon him the artillery of her charms, which it is said are not few, with such effect, that the appointment was renewed for the next day, and again for the next day after, when the gentleman made an offer of his hand in form, which was in form accepted. True, Gubbins was not quite so handsome or so fine as the fair widow had anticipated, but then he was the son of a nobleman, and that would abundantly cover all defects. One day, about a week afterwards, as the lovers were sitting together, the Hon. Mr. Gubbins was announced, and in walked the veritable son of Lord Thornhill, who, apologising with great politeness for his delay, proceeded to the business of his visit. You may imagine the astonishment of the poor widow, who stared from one to the other in mute amazement, vainly trying to find out which was the true, and which the counterfeit nobleman. An explanation ensued, when it appeared that her first visitor was no other than the son of her late husband's boot-maker, who had waited on her with his dad's bill in his pocket, for which he had been directed to request immediate payment; but being a most egregious puppy, and having unexpectedly started such noble game, he thought it best to sink the purpose of his visit, and follow the lady's lead. In the explanation that took place, the truth unfortunately transpired, and the fair widow has been so mercilessly laughed at that she has been obliged to hide her blushes in the country, until the affair shall be blown over."

Here all three young ladies burst into a convulsion of laughter, and protested that they would have died rather than have been absent from such a scene. After the merriment had a little subsided, Lady Camborough quietly observed that "undoubtedly it was perfectly right that such pretensions as those of Mrs. Taunton should be exposed, yet that she could not altogether approve of the conduct of Lord Thornhill's son in circulating the story; for you know, my love," added her ladyship, turning to Aurelia with an impressive earnestness of manner, "that Lord Thornhill's own family-tree is but a sapling. It was either his father or his grandfather"—her ladyship knew perfectly well that it was his great-grandfather—"who kept a shop at Whitechapel or Shoreditch: he had been a great sugar-baker at the latter place: and such people would do well to leave to others the task of exposing upstart pretensions; besides, I have heard that Mrs. Taunton,

apart from her ridiculous pretensions, is really a worthy woman."

Our heroine could very easily understand the aim of this speech, and it made her newly-enobled blood leap to her temples in an instant. Often as Lady Camborough had been heard to rate at her neighbours in general, and at Mrs. Taunton in particular, this was certainly the first time that the doctrine of charity and forbearance had ever been heard from her lips. Imitating her tone and manner, Aurelia replied,—"A worthy woman! Pardon my surprise, madam, at hearing you so suddenly become the eulogist of Mrs. Taunton, with her underbred airs and her odious pretensions. I am afraid, Lady Camborough, that the world, in its judgment of her, will be more likely to take example from your just and often-expressed contempt for her, than from the charity which your ladyship has now, for the first time, thought proper to manifest towards her. No; Mr. Colton," she added, in all the pride of conscious rank, "I fear that, had I been present, I should have been but little inclined to spare the amiable widow."

There was a pause: it was broken by Colton.

"By the bye, Mrs. Falconer," said he, carelessly taking up a newspaper that lay on the table, "have you seen the account of Lord Skeffingham's death? Although published but in yesterday's paper, it has been well known and talked of for several days."

Aurelia looked at him with astonishment. "Surely you mistake."

"Pardon me, madam," replied Colton, "here can be no mistake. The account, you will see, is remarkably correct, although late enough in making its appearance. It was known last week at the clubs, where I myself heard it."

"How very strange!" replied Aurelia; "after all the wishes and endeavours of Medhurst to have it kept a secret."

"My dear Mrs. Falconer," returned Colton, laughing, "how strangely you must have been misinformed; your pardon once more, but I doubt whether Mr. Falconer had the power, even if he had the wish, to conceal his father's death, for the new Lord, on receiving the news, openly avowed his intention of immediately returning from the Continent, and has been for some days hourly expected."

*The new Lord hourly expected from the Continent!* Aurelia became utterly bewildered, on looking round for an explanation of this singular announcement, she now first saw that the eyes of all were fixed upon her with a look of deep and triumphant malignity. A suspicion of she knew not what, shot like lightning through her veins, and thrilled to her heart's core, as, taking, or rather seizing, the paper which Colton had laid before her, she read as follows:—

"Died on the 6th instant, at his seat, Shirley Hall,—shire, John Falconer, Baron Skeffingham. His lordship was the fifth, and in lineal descent from the creation of the barony in the reign of George I. The title and splendid estates will descend to his eldest legitimate son, Augustus Falconer. His lordship has been for some time on the Continent, but is daily expected in England."

Upon reading this, our heroine tried, and for a few moments with some success, to think that it was a trick; but the delusion did not last—suspicion once awakened, circumstances before unheeded are taken as evidence, strong "as proof of holy writ," of the truth of the new impression, leaving the unhappy recipient to wonder at his former blindness. This was the case with Aurelia—she had often since her marriage, alluded, when alone with her husband, to her plans and prospects when she should become Lady Skeffingham, but Medhurst had never liked the subject, and the last time that she introduced it he had, with an abruptness and ferocity unusual even with him, bid her cease in future from all such indecorous anticipations of his father's death. Although Aurelia knew him too well to suppose for a moment that this was the real reason of the impatience that he had always shown on this subject, yet, as a suspicion of the truth never once crossed her mind, she gave herself little disturbance about the matter. On the day before her present visit, another circumstance had occurred which had very nearly opened her eyes to the truth. Medhurst had a favourite servant—an Italian. To this man, who was a drunken and profligate knave, Aurelia had taken an invincible dislike, which was the greater from her suspecting him to be possessed of family secrets of which she was herself kept in ignorance. She had often besought Medhurst to get rid of him, but this he had steadily refused to do. Since he left town to attend his father, the man's conduct had been so unusually bad, that Aurelia was compelled to have him summoned before her, and, after reprimanding him, told him, that if she heard any more complaints of him, he should be dismissed the moment that Lord Skeffingham returned to town. At these words, the man, raising his eyes to his mistress, with a look of malicious assurance, exclaimed, "Lord Skeffingham! why, he is dead." Aurelia, who had no sooner uttered the words than she became aware of the breach of her husband's injunctions that she had committed, hastily dismissed the man, saying, "There, sir, go,—I mean Mr. Falconer, your master, who, the moment that he returns, shall be informed of your misconduct." The fellow withdrew, saying, "My master! oh, that is another affair; but as for Lord Skeffingham, either the dead or the living one, I owe him



no allegiance." That this trusty valet should have been informed by Medhurst of his father's death was not surprising, but there was something in the man's last words that startled and perplexed Aurelia, and although he was not sober, she was about to call him back to explain his meaning, when the current of her thoughts was changed by Lady Camborough's note.

Had a thunderbolt fallen at our heroine's feet she could not have been more utterly confounded than she was as these circumstances rapidly recurred to her memory. All that had seemed mysterious, or inexplicable in them was now at once explained, and dreadful was the revulsion of feeling that the explanation brought with it. As she sat, pale, silent, and aghast, with the paper still in her hands, Lady Camborough drawing a letter from her reticule, "You will be gratified to learn, my love," said she, in the same tone as before, "that the last moments of your excellent father-in-law were occupied in providing for your welfare."

The letter was from Lord Skeffingham, and had been written after he had been given over by his physicians. It was addressed to the Earl of Croydon, Lady Barbara's father. After expressing an earnest wish for the union of the two families, by the marriage of Augustus with Lady Barbara, his lordship continued—"It has often been a source of painful reflection to me that I concealed from Medhurst until he had nearly reached the age of manhood the nature of his birth, and the insuperable bar that it would raise to his inheriting my title and estates. Let me, however, make him what amends I can." Here he named the amount of a considerable legacy that he had left out of his untailed property to his natural son.

"This property," continued Lady Camborough, "together with the residue of your father's fortune, which will come to you at your mother's death, will be amply sufficient to enable my dear Aurelia to maintain that station in society, in which her beauty, manners, and connection with one of the noblest houses in the kingdom, so justly entitle her to move." So saying, she arose, advanced to Aurelia, and kissing her on the forehead, placed the letter before her. Our heroine, however, read it not—the characters seemed to swim before her eyes—a glance at the well-known signature was quite enough to dispel any doubt that might still have clung to her mind, and she sat stupified with astonishment and dismay. After a short silence her ladyship resumed—"I am very well aware, my love," said she, fixing her eyes hard on Aurelia, and smiling benignantly, "of the deep impression which your beauty and grace once made on Augustus Falconer, our new Lord Skeffingham; and but for your own excellent sense in accepting

the hand of his brother, he might have been unable to escape from the consequences of an infatuation which, however meritorious its object, could not but be at variance with what was due to the dignity of his ancient and noble house."

This was "The unkindest cut of all," for Aurelia was given to understand that, but for her double duplicity, she might, indeed, at this moment have possessed the object of all her hopes. She sat immovable as a statue—the livid paleness of her face and contraction of her lips alone showing the conflict of her mind.

"Such a sacrifice of pride to principle," said Colton, "whatever the world may think of it, must have increased his lordship's admiration, even in protecting him from its evil effects."

"Very true," returned her ladyship. "And that his father shared this opinion, we have ample proof in this munificent legacy to his eldest son; which, I confess, has as far surpassed my previous high opinions of his lordship's generosity, as, I am sure, that it has exceeded the modesty of my Aurelia's own expectations; and as for the world, it can have little right to talk about the matter." "If," added she, with haughty nonchalance, "a young lady is willing to purchase with her fortune the distinction that such a marriage can confer upon her, I can see no earthly objection to it—such matches are, I believe, common enough in the City."

"Nothing more so," replied Colton. "'Yesterday, at Bow Church, the Hon. Mr. Denby, of that ilk, to the wealthy and fascinating Miss Belton, of Fleet-street.' But, my dear Mrs. Falconer, you seem moved—overcome at the sound of your own praises—why, positively," added he, with a malicious laugh, "you might sit at this moment for the statue of Surprise, or the portrait of Mrs. Taunton, when she discovered the honest bootmaker in her noble admirer."

A scream of laughter here broke from Georgiana and Lady Barbara. Aurelia had hitherto sat like one stunned with the weight and suddenness of the blow that had fallen upon her. She now started from her stupor. Her eyes fell instinctively on Georgiana, and flashed a livid and unnatural light, while her hands grasped tightly the paper that she still held. She turned with a look of proud appealing first to Colton and Lady Camborough, but the look of triumphant malice from the former, and of cold austerity from the latter, fell like an ice-bolt on her heart. The incipient retort died upon her lips—the paper dropped from her hands; she clasped them together with convulsive energy, and fell backward in strong hysterics. What followed was more like a dream than reality. On recovering, she found herself lying on a sofa, in the presence of Lady Cam-

borough and some of her domestics, in an adjoining room. A bustle among the servants, sal volatile, some words of austere politeness from her ladyship, and Aurelia found herself alone on her way home. Freed from the presence of her tormentors, she threw herself back in the carriage in all the self-abasement of the fallen world-worshipper, deprived of that last relief of the degraded—self-pity. The shriek of triumph from the two women still rang and hissed in her ears. The carriage wheels, as they rumbled beneath her, seemed turned into living things, following her with denunciations and reproaches. The very passengers, as she passed them in the streets, appeared to be pointing at her with derision. "Ha, ha! baffled jilt!—hollow-hearted worldling!—caught in the meshes of your own deceit!—detected and exposed by your own dupes! Love, friendship, and fortune were your own—you have thrown them from you for one miserable cast, and have reaped nothing but the contempt of the world that you have been worshipping!" On reaching home, she hastened to her own room, where she could at once vent and hide the feelings that seemed to sink her into the very earth. She now recollected the eagerness with which Georgiana and her mother had promoted her marriage with Medhurst, for what purpose was obvious. Again she felt that her deep-dyed and double deceit had not only deprived her of the title and fortune which she had so ardently coveted, but had involved her in insult and exposure from the very friends whom she hated and despised. These were the burning spots in her thoughts. With a morbid acuteness common enough on these occasions, she traced every step of the ludicrous and disgraceful exposure that awaited her. Already she heard Lady Barbara and Georgiana in close and gleeful consultation on the best means of crushing their deluded victim, now in their power. She knew that her fall would be complete and inevitable; no pity for the fortune-hunting jilt who had overreached herself. She remained shut up in her chamber for the rest of the day. After a sleepless night she re-appeared, pale, haggard and sullen, with eyes bloodshot with tears that had brought her no relief, and a countenance shockingly bereft of all feminine expression.

We spare the reader the scene of violence and mutual reproach with her husband when he returned to town. Medhurst, who had never really cared a straw for her, treated the matter with the utmost indifference, and being provoked by her coarse and contemptuous allusions to his birth, told her, in a rage, that she had been rightly served. In fact, he had been a party to the trick that had been played her, for he found that if he wished to marry Aurelia he must conceal from her

his real situation and prospects. After their union, Lady Camborough, finding that the task of disclosure was extremely irksome to Medhurst, was persuaded by her daughter and Lady Barbara to offer to take it upon herself, and the offer being made with all possible delicacy, was readily accepted by Medhurst. While the confederates were waiting for a good opportunity to execute their design, Lord Skeffingham died, and the occasion offered, of which they availed themselves in the way that we have seen.

Before a week had passed, our heroine's aspirations, and their ludicrous termination, had become the subject of conversation at every dinner-table and tea-drinking *soirée* within the utmost circle of her acquaintance. She prepared to face her enemies with the bravado which is the defensive armour commonly worn upon these occasions, when an epigram "To the fair citizen who had ennobled herself with a straw coronet," met her eye in one of the county papers, and proved too much for her powers of assurance. With a blanched cheek and a quivering lip, she resolved to shun society for the present.

But Fortune, who had resolved that Aurelia should swallow the very dregs of the bitter chalice that she had been preparing for herself, had another blow in store for her. One morning, about six weeks after the foregoing events, as she was sitting at breakfast with her husband in the library, a servant announced that two men were below who wished to speak to him. Medhurst asked who they were, and what was their business, but on neither of these points could the man satisfy him. With an expression of impatience he arose, and, telling his wife that he would return in an instant, left the room. Presently after, Aurelia heard the street door close, and expected that her husband would return to his breakfast; but here she was mistaken. Medhurst came not: an hour—two—three, elapsed,—still he returned not. It was clear that he had left the house with his mysterious visitors, though who these were, or why they had thus carried him off, she could make no probable guess. Creditors or their myrmidons they could not be, for although Medhurst had already dissipated a large part of his wife's fortune, he had as yet no debts of any consequence. However, she was too well acquainted, by this time, with his dissolute habits to disturb herself much about the matter until the evening of the next day, when his continued absence began seriously to perplex her. She was about to send to his club, and to the houses of some of his intimate associates, to know if anything had been seen or heard of him, when she was told by a servant that his master had just come home, gone straight to his own room, and given strict orders not to be disturbed.

This information would have relieved her at once, had there not been a mystery that alarmed her in the servant's manner. Heedless of Medhurst's injunctions, she immediately ascended to his room; the door was fastened, and she knocked.

"Who's there?" answered a hoarse voice, in a tone of angry impatience.

"It is I; open the door, Medhurst."

"Go!" replied he, in the same tone; "why do you disturb me thus? Did they not tell you my orders?"

"You alarm me! Pray open the door, and tell me the meaning of all this mystery."

A muttered curse—a hasty stride across the room,—the door was opened, and her husband stood before her. He held a candle in his hand, and the light fell full on his face. Aurelia started and recoiled at sight of him. Ten years seemed added to his age: his face, always pale, was now livid; his brow contracted; his eyes full of desperation and dismay; his lips colourless. His clothes, which had evidently not been taken off since he left the house, were in the utmost disorder; his linen soiled, and his flesh dirty.

"Medhurst, for Heaven's sake, what's the matter?"

"You will know soon enough," he answered, walking with disordered steps up and down the room.

"Nay, then, something dreadful has happened," replied she. "Torture me not with suspense—speak! let me at once know the worst."

"Then hear it," returned he, fiercely. "I am a disgraced man—my life blasted—my honour gone, and all for a"—here he muttered, between his clenched teeth deep curses on his own folly, and on the cause, whatever it was, of his disaster.

"Your life blasted!" cried Aurelia. "By whom, and for what?"

"No matter. Aurelia," added he, with a sardonic sneer; "behold the end of ambition! You married me to ennoble yourself—the mantle of nobility which I shall bring you will be the pall of your past hopes."

"Medhurst," replied she, between alarm and resentment at his strange behaviour, "I know not what has befallen you; but if it be anything of which I must share the consequences, remember that whatever disgrace you may have drawn on yourself, there can be nothing but pity for the unhappy and guiltless partner of your shame."

"Pity!" retorted he, bitterly. "Yes! the pity granted to the poor worm that we tread upon! Pity for the presumptuous *parvenue*, who grasped a coronet, and found it a death's-head—who dared to lay her hands on the ermine of nobility, which mouldered to dust at her touch; and left her, the baffled and stricken dupe of her own arts, for the unmoving finger of scorn to point at! Yes!"

added he, gnashing his teeth and stamping with fury, "there will be enough of pity for both of us—I leave you my share of it, Aurelia, as a last legacy of contempt!"

At this moment, our heroine's eyes fell on a brace of pistols that lay on the table; the thought flashed across her that her husband was meditating self-destruction, and she uttered a scream of horror. Medhurst burst into a discordant laugh—"What!" said he, "do you take me for one of those craven idiots who, at the first frown of destiny, rush out of this world, to try and mend their fortunes in the next? No; Europe is large enough, I hope, to enable me to elude a dozen such freaks of fortune. Go, Aurelia," added he, in a somewhat softened tone; "you shall know all by-and-by; but at present leave me. I must be alone."

Aurelia, freed from her last and most horrible apprehension, thought it better not to press him any further, while in his present mood; and, after one more vain attempt to make him explain himself, left him, and descended to the drawing-room: Here she had remained for about an hour, in a state of the greatest agitation and alarm, when she heard Medhurst coming down from his room,—he passed the door of the room in which Aurelia was sitting, and, descending the stairs, crossed the hall. She heard the street door open and close, and listened to his receding steps as he passed down the street. She never saw him again; in twelve hours he had left the country, never to return! The mystery was soon explained. Next morning, a newspaper that had been found in Medhurst's room was brought to her, and in the column devoted to the police report she read as follows:—

"Bow STREET.—Yesterday, the Honourable Medhurst Falconer, a man moving in the very highest circles, appeared before the sitting magistrate, to answer to a charge of felony brought against him by Mrs. Martha Billing, a woman of the town."

The case, which had excited a good deal of interest, was one of fearful strength and consistency. It appeared that the complainant, who was the daughter of a small tradesman, had been decoyed from her home by Medhurst, some years previously, under promise of marriage, and had afterwards been deserted by him. A few evenings since he had met her by accident in the lobby of Drury-lane Theatre, and perceiving round her neck a gold chain and locket of considerable value, which he had formerly given her, he had induced her, under some trifling pretext, to place it in his hands, and had then refused to return it. A noisy altercation had ensued, but Medhurst had got off with his booty, of which, in fact, he had plundered his former mistress, in order to bestow it on a new one. Several

individuals, who had seen the chain on the woman's neck a few moments before, corroborated her statement. Letters, written by Medhurst and sealed with the family arms, were produced, proving the former connexion between the parties, both of whom were clearly identified. The result was that Medhurst was confined until he could get heavy bail for his appearance to take his trial for the felony. The first use that he made of his liberty was to seize on every shilling of property of his own and of his wife's that he could lay his hands on, and decamp, as we have seen.\*

We will not attempt to describe our heroine's feelings when she read this. With the reflected odour, merely, of this transaction upon her, to appear in society was of course only to be shunned. Unfortunately, she had been so reckless in prosperity that she had contrived to stifle even the commiseration commonly accorded to a woman involved in the consequences of her husband's offences. She felt her situation to be at once ludicrous and pitiable, and it was the bitterest drop in the cup of her fate. Finding herself now universally avoided, she persuaded her mother to break up her establishment in the country, and retire to the Continent.

Meantime, Georgiana and Lady Barbara, who had been the chief instruments in Aurelia's fall, did not escape unscathed. Georgiana eagerly related the scene at Lady Camberborough's, and Lady Barbara's share in it, to Augustus, who was so disgusted at the whole business that he broke off his connexion with Lady Barbara. This, of course, brought her wrath upon Georgiana, who was summarily expelled from her ladyship's circle. To recover her position, she married a man of rank, old enough to be her father; but shortly after eloped with a handsome young ensign of the Guards to Paris, where they set up a *rouge et noir* table, or some such thing, supported, as many said, by fraud; but to which all the high profligates of Paris resorted. Here she was met and insulted by Aurelia, who had the further satisfaction of blackening the character of her friend whenever and wherever she could.

Aurelia remained for several years on the continent. She returned to England a widow, Medhurst having died a year or two after his departure. She now settled in a part of the country far distant from the scene of her humiliations, and began the world again, without lowering her pretensions, however, a jot. But the bloom of youth was now gone; nor could she, with all her precautions, hide the story of her disgrace. The watch-word of caution was whispered

among the young men of fortune or title, so that as fast as the lady advanced, the gentlemen as hastily retired. After another ten years, spent in unceasing and fruitless manœuvring, our heroine began to give up the game, as hopeless. Meantime, her fortune which had been much injured by her husband, had, by care and good management, once more reached its former bulk; and Aurelia continued to be surrounded by flatterers of every kind, from the ruined spendthrift and self-seeking clergyman, down to the humble companion, who lived only in the hope of being remembered in her lady's will.

Our heroine is now an old woman, and speculations are afloat as to the destination of her property. The heir-at-law is a blacksmith, at Whitechapel, who is a distant relation of her father's. It is, of course, generally thought that Aurelia will never suffer her fortune to pass into such hands; but the more knowing suspect that, after all, the honest blacksmith will be the heir, and that she is resolved to have the privilege of laughing in her grave at this last humorous trick on her parasites and flatterers.

## THE TWO WORLDS.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

When light was radiant in the hall,  
And mirth and music round me,  
Would you know the magic of their thrall?—  
Would you learn the spell that bound me?  
Would you know why sadness traced my brow,

In a world so brightly beaming?  
Oh, 'twas to feel—oh, 'twas to know,  
That world all hollow seeming.

You view'd me climb the mountain's height  
When morn fresh odours flinging,  
When the vales below were cloth'd with light,

And the lark above was singing.  
You saw my glad triumphant brow  
Proclaim my heart's ovation,  
Oh, 'twas to feel—oh, 'twas to know,  
That world was God's creation.

For in the world of courtly mien  
Full many a heart is aching;  
And all may feel, though dimly seen,  
That world is not God's making.  
Then let me roam the mountain's brow,  
Where nought from truth doth sever;  
In nature's world to feel and know  
The God that reigns for ever.

\* The above incident is founded on a fact, of which the writer was an eye-witness, in the lobby of the old Lyceum Theatre, which was burnt some years ago.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF MADURA,

IN THE SOUTH OF THE PENINSULA OF  
INDIA, AND OF ITS HINDOO COLLEGE,*(From an Anniversary Report to the Asiatic Society.)*By the Rt. Hon. Sir ALEXANDER JOHNSTON,  
As Chairman of the Committee of Correspondence of  
that Society.

[For the MIRROR.]

Madura is the ancient capital of the ancient Hindoo kingdom in the southern peninsula of India, described in the map of Ptolemy by the name of the Regio Pandionis,\* situated about three hundred miles from Madras.

Madura is celebrated in ancient history, first, from one of its monarchs in the second century having, according to Hindoo tradition, sent a splendid embassy to Augustus Cæsar at Rome. 2nd. From its having been for many ages the seat of the most ancient and most powerful Hindoo monarchy in the south of India. 3rd. From its sovereigns having built within its walls, and in its neighbourhood (during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries), the finest and richest specimens of Hindoo architecture ever erected in any part of India; the remains of which are, at this day, objects of the greatest curiosity, as appears by the valuable illustrations of them given in the work which the Brahmin, Ram Ras, has written for the Asiatic Society, on the Hindoo system of architecture. Fourthly. From its having been the seat of the celebrated Jesuit mission established in the south of India, in the seventeenth century, by Robertus de Nobilibus (cousin of the Pope Bellarmine) of whose distinguished work in Sanscrit called the *Ezour Vedant* account is given in the "Oriental Herald." Fifthly. From its being the spot from the meridian of which the Hindoo astronomers made their calculations, and where the three most ancient sets of astronomical tables known in India were constructed. Here also, the mode of calculating by ten numerals was

invented. This important discovery passed into Europe in the thirteenth century, though it was not generally known in this part of the world till the fourteenth, at which time the system was introduced into Spain by the Arabs.

Madura was, however, chiefly celebrated for the college established there in ancient times by Hindoo sovereigns, and kept up by them in a state of efficiency from the first to the tenth century of the Christian era. The moral and political effects of this college on the character, talents, and pursuits of the Hindoo people appear to have been highly important. The tuition there conveyed diffused literature and science not only amongst the men but also amongst the women of the country, and thus became a powerful agent in overcoming invidious distinctions of caste and rank. When the college of Madura was in its most "palmy state," four out of the seven sages of the Hindoos were women; and a female—a Pariah of the lowest caste—called Ayar, attained such literary eminence that her ethical works are to this day class-books for scholars of the highest rank in all the Hindoo schools in the peninsula of India. Ayar, however, was not the only one of her family distinguished for intellectual acquirements. It is recorded that her brother Teruwalaver, also a Pariah of the lowest caste, was advanced, on account of his recondite learning, to the dignity of president of the college. To this unprecedented appointment, great opposition was manifested by the Brahmins, and other collegiate members of high caste, more especially as they had originally resisted his admission as an associate because of the lowness of his birth. Teruwalaver, nevertheless, demanded a public examination into his literary and scientific attainments, agreeably to the rules of the institution; and, after a protracted examination, having proved to all the members of the college that, according to their rules, intellectual and scientific knowledge, and not high birth, was the required qualification, he was elected at first a member, and ultimately the president, of the institution.

In after times, John Napier, of Merchiston, the inventor of logarithms and the greatest mathematician of his age, having learned that the system of numerals, now called Arabic, was believed to have been invented by some of the members of the Hindoo college at Madura, instituted various inquiries into the subject, through his correspondence with learned men in Italy. His descendant, Francis, fifth Lord Napier, of Merchiston, when preparing to write the life of his ancestor, John, set on foot active investigations as to the discoveries at Madura, particularly in reference to the knowledge which the catholic missionaries had brought with them from India to Italy. When abroad upon his travels, Lord Napier went himself to Venice, for the express purpose of pro-

\* Appended to an account of Pandion, King of Athens, are the following interesting remarks by Professor Anthon:—"There seems to be some analogy between the name *Pandion* and the Brahminical system of belief. Among the old dynasties of the Hindoos, mention is made of a race of heroes named Pandus, who triumphed over their opponents the Koros; and the latter are therefore denominated, in the sacred songs of the East, the race of evil princes. In the time even when the *Periplus* recorded by Arrian was effected, we find a monarch of the name of Pandion in South Decan, to whose dominions the pearl fishery belonged; and Ptolemy (7, 1, 174) makes Modoura the residence of Pandion. It is curious to observe that in the sacred traditions of the East a place named *Madura*, or *Mathura*, on the upper part of the Ganges, is the home of Christnoo, who is celebrated as having been the friend of the Pandus in Mahabarat."

† See Buckingham's "Oriental Herald," vol. xiii., p. 235-6.



curing any information which might there be traced amongst the papers of the celebrated Robertus de Nobilibus, respecting the College of Madura, which he had derived from the Brahmins at that place when he was principal of the Jesuit establishment there. The result of these inquiries led Lord Napier, when he returned from his travels to Scotland, to employ the late Colonel Mackenzie, then Mr. Mackenzie, a young man from the island of Lewis, who had been recommended to him for the purpose by his friend the then Lord Seaforth, in arranging all the information he had procured, as well abroad as in England, relative to the invention of numerals at Madura, and to the knowledge which the people of the southern part of the peninsula had possessed, from the most early times, of mathematics and astronomy, intending to publish this information in a "Discourse" which he meant to prefix to his "Life of the Inventor of Logarithms." These inquiries induced Lord Napier's daughter, Mrs. Johnston, to pursue the subject at Madura, as she intended to complete the biography of her ancestor, John Napier, which her father had been prevented by death from finishing.

Mr. Johnston, the husband of the above lady, having been appointed to a high political situation at Madura, whither he removed with Mrs. Johnston and his family in 1783, determined, if possible, to restore the ancient college, and, by making it the medium of conveying to the natives of the south of India a thorough knowledge of the arts, sciences, and literature of Europe, to revive the spirit of literary emulation in the southern peninsula, and thereby render it again the means, as it had before been, of raising the moral and political character of the natives.

At this time, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston obtained, under very remarkable circumstances, a free grant from the Nabob of Arcot of an ancient building in the jungle, about four and a half miles from the fort of Madura. In front of this ancient building, during the time of the Hindoo sovereigns, and when the college flourished, literary and scientific competitions are said to have taken place annually. Prizes and other rewards were given by the monarchs according to the respective merits of the successful aspirants.

Mr. Johnston, at a great expense, converted the edifice given to him by the nabob into a structure capable of serving as an academy, until he should be able to revive the ancient Hindoo college at Madura. The numerous pillars which supported the roof of the building were to be divided into several departments, and on each of them were to be represented such a number of diagrams as would illustrate the theory and practical utility of mechanics, optics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics, botany, chemistry, plain and spherical trigonometry, and astronomy.

Two great orreries were also erected in a superstructure on the roof, the one representing the Ptolemaic, and the other the Copernican system. These were to be established for the purpose of explaining to the natives the nature of both systems, and of proving to them the advantage which the latter had over the former, though it was the one which had prevailed among them from the most ancient times.

The death of Mr. and Mrs. Johnston put a stop for many years to the project originating in them for restoring the ancient college to its pristine efficiency. Sir Alexander, their son, availing himself of the opportunity afforded him of reverting to this subject, in consequence of the preliminary inquiries instituted by both houses of Parliament in 1832, preparatory to the introduction of a bill for new-modelling the future government of British India, gave evidence relative to the information contained in the Mackenzie collection on every part of the history of the south of India, and also relative to the best means of reviving amongst the natives the spirit which had formerly animated them in favour of literature and science. As soon as a copy of this evidence reached Madras, the most enlightened natives of that place agreeing with him in his intention, and trusting that the Parliament and Government of Great Britain would support them in their endeavours to enlighten their countrymen, formed themselves into a Hindoo Literary Society at Madras.

With a view of encouraging this society to aid him in re-establishing the ancient college at Madura, Sir Alexander Johnston offered to give the natives of the south of the peninsula of India the new building already mentioned, called Johnston House, together with such sums of money as he may be enabled to collect for the above purpose in the country.

### LORD PALMERSTON'S SPEECH AT TIVERTON.\*

Among those who in this country are most distinguished for the cultivation of statesmanship and eloquence Lord Palmerston holds one of the very first places: perhaps in many respects he holds the first. No man understands the external relations of the empire, vast and multitudinous as they are, better than he; and when the business is to explain or illustrate them, to advocate the interests of this country, or to show how her power may best be maintained, we could point to no public man who would deserve

\* London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1841.

to be preferred before him. In Parliament, however, his lordship speaks much seldomer and less than might have been expected. He only gets up when the occasion requires it, and then usually contents himself with saying just what is wanted, and no more. He consequently, among a certain class of persons, scarcely enjoys the reputation of an eloquent speaker at all. They admit him to be a sensible man, and will not deny the immense extent of his knowledge in whatever relates to the foreign policy of Europe; but in the capacity of an orator they prefer other members of the house whom for intellect or acquirements it would be difficult to compare with him.

Lord Palmerston, however, has made the rare discovery that to move perpetually on stilts is not to be eloquent. One of the greatest masters of speaking in any age or country used to insist that the language of an orator should be taken *ex medio*—that is, from the vocabulary in daily use. With speech, as with affection, the more familiar the more vigorous it is. All earnest persons are plain speakers. When you have great thoughts to give birth to, you do not puzzle yourself about the words by the aid of which you help them into the world; you hurl them into the soft and flexible element of language, which readily adapts itself to their shape, and shows them off to the best advantage.

This, at any rate, is Lord Palmerston's theory of style, and yet if you carefully examine what he says, you will find that few speakers or writers are more felicitous either in the choice or arrangement of the ideas. At Tiverton he found a happy occasion for the display of his peculiar excellence, both as a speaker and as a reasoner. He had to reduce the great truths of statesmanship, and what are often termed the mysteries of diplomacy, to the level of a popular audience; and it must be acknowledged that he did so with wonderful facility and success. In some respects he was fortunate in his opponent. Mr. Harney, though a chartist, and as such prejudiced to the last degree against the Whig government, was not disposed to deny all credit to Lord Palmerston. He admitted him, for example, to be a good landlord, though this in his conception would appear

to be the utmost limits of his deserving, as there was nothing in his domestic or foreign policy on which he could bestow his approbation.

This chartist candidate was no mealy-mouthed adversary, and yet we should gather from Lord Palmerston's speech he was not destitute of a sort of rough courtesy, which he knew well how to conciliate with the most unlimited freedom of expression. In replying to him, the statesman of the age, *par excellence*, affected no overweening disdain, but with that easy good nature for which he is remarkable among public men, demolished utterly his statements and arguments, without once overstepping the limits of good taste or good breeding. He made, to be sure, occasionally, very free with Mr. Harney, but while demonstrating the short comings of his knowledge, and showing his rashness to be pretty exactly proportioned to his ignorance; he did not seek unnecessarily to humiliate him, but sent him away flattered rather than otherwise by the fact that a man so distinguished for political wisdom, for scholarship, and for that science of human nature which is, perhaps, the rarest of all acquisitions, should have thought him worthy of being refuted at so much length; though, in reality, the object of the Foreign Secretary was to make the Tiverton election a pretext for giving the world a popular exposition of the principles which have regulated his foreign policy, and determined the whole tenor of his life.

Our readers will probably agree with us in the opinion that few things are more difficult than to strip scientific knowledge of its technical forms, and invest it with the phraseology of every-day life. Truths of a high order range naturally through certain strata of language, because they there find matrices in which to mould themselves and become visible. It is a totally different thing when you endeavour to bring them nearer the earth; they then obey the mind outwardly and reluctantly, and exhibit every moment a disposition to throw off the homely disguise and mount towards their native sphere. This is visible throughout Lord Palmerston's speech at Tiverton, notwithstanding the admirable skill with which he wields the strength

of familiar dialectics, and adopts the idiomatic vulgarities of the people. His ideas in the rough dialect of the hustings remind us of Phœbus Apollo in a peasant's jerkin, the graceful form and beautiful lineaments of the divinity flashing involuntarily through the uncouth disguise.

We should, however, convey an extremely false idea of the speech at Tiverton, were we, with some of our contemporaries, to confine our ideas to its comic features. It is in many parts grave, pathetic, and pre-eminently eloquent. It glances back over a period of nearly forty years; indicates, rather than describes, the growth of public opinion on reform; reveals the several stages of growth in the speaker's own mind, and shows how he ripened into a liberal statesman; gradually, no doubt, but always in advance of the age in which he lived.

It will, from what has been said, be easy to perceive how impossible it would be for us to follow his lordship over all the topics on which he touched. He possesses, in a remarkable degree, the art of conciseness, and to make an abstract of what is already an abridgment, would be wilfully to incur the charge of dulness. Bossuet's "*Discours Sur L'Histoire Universel*" would defy the skill of the epitomator. You might compress the redundant eloquence of Livy, but could not, without folly, attempt to abridge the narrative of Tacitus. Lord Palmerston belongs to the concise school, and was at Tiverton a sort of hustings Tacitus, who, by the force of a few magical words, led his audience easily, and with pleasure, round the whole circle of the civilised world. We could not pretend to do this more briefly than he does, which would be to affect a superior command of political eloquence. We make no such pretensions, and shall therefore content ourselves with selecting passages here and there, which we trust will have the effect of inducing our readers to peruse the whole speech, if they should not have done so already.

We fall in with his lordship on the topic of the last session, the most eligible means of feeding the Irish people. Mr. Harney would seem to have been reading the speeches of Lord George Bentinck, and to have derived

from that great authority both his notions of Irish politics, and his theory of political economy. Everybody will remember the contrivance by which the lordly Protectionist would have sought to produce plenty in Ireland—he would have hung all forestallers and regrators, just as the Osmandis endeavoured to secure to themselves cheap bread by hanging a baker. Unluckily, when you begin hanging people, you don't know where it will stop. Mr. Harney does not seem, however, to have gone so far as the sage Protectionist leader, and only recommended that Government should ruin all the corn and provision merchants, by taking the task of feeding the country out of their hands. To this Lord Palmerston replies:—

"Mr. Harney says the Government ought to have turned merchants; that they should have made magazines, and bought corn abroad and sold it out to the people, and that everything then would have been well. Why, does he forget that the same calamity which visited Ireland so heavily, and this country in a smaller ratio, weighed almost upon every other country in Europe? At the same time the potato crop failed your crop of grain in this island also was short, while many countries on the continent were almost in a state of famine. Prices rose here, but prices rose also on the continent. Prices in some parts of Germany have been higher than they ever were, even in dear years, in this country. It was from America, from the Baltic, from the Black Sea, from the shores of the Danube, that we were compelled to obtain our supplies of corn; and it was only at a great expense, and with great delay, that the supplies could be obtained. Now, suppose the Government had gone into foreign markets as purchasers of food to compete against the British merchants, what would have been the result? The merchants would have said, 'We cannot afford to buy and to sell it at a loss. We must make a profit of our transactions; but if the Government is bidding against us, and means to sell without a profit, we will turn our capital to some other service, and we will have nothing to do with taking measures to provide a supply of food for the people.' The result would have been that if the Government had turned merchant (which no Government ought to do), it would have driven the private merchant out of the trade; Government could not have invested capital enough without laying fresh burdens upon the people; it would have been your money with which the Government would have gone to market; and I maintain that it would be bad

economy—it would defeat its own purpose, if the Government were to meddle with matters of this sort. The only rational course is to leave merchants to their own trade, to let them become importers of corn, and for the Government to content itself with acting as her Majesty's Government has acted under the recent calamity."

Everybody has heard of the great Wellington statue which, in the dearth of other topics of interest, used some months ago to supply all the wits and speculators in the kingdom with an excuse for saying something comical or profound. Mr. Harney could not, of course, resist the temptation to try his hand at this subject. What he made of it does not appear, the malicious reporters having suppressed that part of his harangue. Lord Palmerston's reply runs as follows:—

"Mr. Harney referred to the Wellington statue, and told you it was a reproach to the Government that the statue was not taken down. Now, in the first place, he seems to forget that the statue is not the property of the Government, and that consequently the Government has not entirely the discretion to do with it what they like. It was provided by private subscription on the part of a great number of persons, civil and military, who were anxious to record by such a memorial the high sense they entertained of the immortal military services of the illustrious duke. Well, gentlemen, it was placed upon the arch as an experiment. I speak very distinctly about this matter, because I was a member of the committee of private gentlemen who some years ago assembled to consider where the statue should be placed; and I believe I was the only member who objected to its being placed upon the arch at Hyde-park-corner. However, at the earnest request of those who had paid for the statue, upon the arch it was hoisted. I agree entirely with those who think that the statue spoils the arch, and the arch spoils the statue. But there it is. It was the intention not only of Lord Morpeth but of the Government to have it taken down, it being the opinion of many artists of acknowledged taste and skill that it was wrongly placed; but it was at last stated in parliament and elsewhere, that the Duke of Wellington, in whose honour the statue was erected, and as a memorial of whose services it was intended to remain, entertained the feeling that if it was taken down it would be a personal affront to himself; and I am quite sure there is not one man, woman, or child among you, who, if you felt that the illustrious duke would deem it a disparagement to himself that the statue should be removed from its present position, would not

say, 'In God's name let the statue stay where it is, rather than by removing it any uneasiness should be caused to the Duke of Wellington.' If Mr. Harney had no stronger sting with which to wind up his attack upon the Government for their conduct during the session than the statue and the arch, the wound certainly is one that will not long be healing."

It is scarcely a reproach to Mr. Harney to say that he is ignorant of foreign politics, since most other persons are in the same predicament. What we blame in him is this, that being ignorant he should yet affect to know, and thus expose himself to the good-natured but keen satire of his formidable antagonist. He would seem to have made some allusion to the figure he hoped to make in this department of politics, which gave birth to the following passage:—

"Mr. Harney next came to the foreign policy of the Government, and on that subject he said, 'The time may come when we may know something more than we do at present about that policy.' Well, gentlemen, I don't think he will be any the worse for that knowledge. (A laugh.) I am sure his speeches on the subject will not be at all less deserving of attention when he has attained that more intimate knowledge which he anticipates he may one day acquire of the real springs and motives, and the objects of the foreign policy of the country. But with all respect for him, and with the utmost desire to act with the most perfect courtesy towards him, I am not prepared at present either to give up to him my pretensions here, or to put him into the Foreign Office. (Laughter.) The day may come indeed, as he has said, when he may be the director of the foreign policy of this country; and one thing I will promise him, that when the day comes I will not misrepresent his policy, as I think he has misrepresented mine. (Laughter, cries of 'Bravo,' and some interruption.) I think, gentlemen, he will have this advantage over me—that, whereas I have now been subjected to the criticism of one who evidently knows very little of the matter he has been discussing, he will have in me a critic who will possess some degree of knowledge and experience on the subject. (A laugh.) Now, when I say that he knows nothing of the matters he has been talking of, all I mean is, that he appears to me to have got by rote a certain number of empty declamatory phrases—(great laughter and interruption)—a jargon and jingle of words—(renewed laughter, and loud cheers)—which have no reference to facts, which have no bearing on anything that has happened, and that his statements are founded on a total

misconception of the history of the last twelve or fourteen years. Mr. Harney is of opinion that the end, the grand result of my foreign policy has been the establishment of tyranny and despotism all over the world—(a voice, "So it has," and laughter)—and the suppression of the liberties of the people. I am ashamed to talk of my foreign policy, for, though I am at the head of the department, whatever merit may attach to what has been done, belongs to the Government as a body, of which I have been the organ; but as Mr. Harney puts me forward, don't charge me with presumption if I am compelled to use his own term. He says, 'The aspect and result of my policy has been to establish tyranny and despotism. There really is something amusing in the novelty; for, after I have been accused all over Europe of being the great instigator of revolution—(laughter)—the friend and champion of all popular insurrections, the enemy of all constituted authorities—after I have been charged with disturbing the peace of Europe by giving encouragement to every revolutionary and anarchical set of men—(renewed laughter)—it is somewhat amusing to hear charges the very reverse made against me by my present opponent.'"

Having devoted a few phrases to Louis Philippe and the revolution of July. Lord Palmerston makes a rapid transition to the affairs of Spain, which he describes in an exceedingly comical manner; and from his brief sketch many persons will be enabled to form a better idea of the affairs of that country than from many a lengthened disquisition or debate. He says—

"We then came to Spain; and it is said we were there parties to establishing a government more tyrannical than any that had ever before existed in that country. Now, I deny the assertion. The governments that previously existed had the Inquisition. Perhaps, some of you do not know what that was. So much the better for you. It was a tribunal which inquired into the religious opinions of every man; if they were not exactly of the proper cut which the Inquisition thought expedient, the man was thrown into prison, or in former times he was burnt alive. Before the period to which I refer there was no parliament in Spain. The great bulk of the people said, "We will have a parliament, and we will have no Inquisition; and we choose to have for our sovereign Donna Isabella, and not this old gentleman, Don Carlos, whom we consider identified with oppression and the Inquisition." We took part with the people of Spain—with those who wanted constitutional liberty, equal laws, a Parliament's justice, no Inquisition—against those were for

having no Parliament, no justice, but much Inquisition. We succeeded; and by means of a very trifling assistance—which could not possibly have determined events if the Spanish people had not been on that side—we enabled them to work out their liberties with smaller sacrifice than they must otherwise have submitted to, and with less suffering than they must otherwise have encountered. This charge is the second, for having overthrown the liberties of foreign nations and of having established despotism and tyranny. Really, those who make that charge seem to be as little read in history as they are in the elementary rudiments of political economy."

Portugal almost necessarily succeeds, but over the remarks which his lordship devotes to that subject we shall skip, in order to arrive at Syria. The public generally will remember the contest which took place in the autumn of 1841 in that country. It arose altogether out of Lord Palmerston's policy, which aimed at preserving the virtual integrity of the Ottoman empire; the relinquishment of Egypt being merely the sacrifice of that which had never been anything but a drain to the Porte. With Syria the case was wholly different, as his lordship shows. We especially recommend the passage to the admirers of Mohammed Ali, a race not yet extinct in this country, notwithstanding all the revelations that have been made of his tyranny and misgovernment.

"We next come, I think, to Syria. I do not expect all those who support my opponent to understand anything about this matter. He understands very little about it himself. How can you possibly expect his supporters to know more than he does? Well, gentlemen, Mr. Harney says we made a great mistake in Syria; he tells us there was a most excellent worthy old gentleman, called Mehemet Ali, who ruled in Egypt, and had conquered Syria; and that we should have left him quietly there. Mr. Harney says we fought the battle for the right of kings by driving Mehemet Ali out of Syria, and restoring that country to the Sultan. Why, this old gentleman, Mehemet Ali, was a subject of the Sultan; he was to the Sultan what the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is to the Queen of England; but he had a mind to set up for himself, and if he had kept Syria he would have done so. You may say, 'What would it have signified to us if he had set up for himself?' I reply—it was the object of England to keep Turkey out of the hands of other powers; who, if they obtained possession of it, would use it for no advantage of ours; and if Mehemet Ali had set up for himself, he would



have so weakened Turkey that it could no longer have remained independent, but must have become the vassal of some foreign power. This was our reason for driving Mehemet Ali back to his house at Alexandria. But it is said this worthy old gentleman was so much beloved in Syria that his rule formed a perfect paradise compared to the hell-upon-earth which has existed there since he was driven out. Now, how was it we did drive him out of Syria? Merely by giving a few thousand muskets to the people of the country; by sending a few hundred marines on shore to aid them, and saying, 'Go it, boys; if you wish to get rid of Mehemet Ali we mean to back you; if you intend to act, now's your time.' They took us at our word; they kicked him out neck and crop, and his army too; they treated us as their deliverers; and whatever may be said of the small and trifling quarrels that have since arisen between the two different sects in that country, it is now peaceable, contented, and happy; and there is a striking contrast between the present state of things and that which formerly existed there. I say, then, this instance singularly fails in supporting the sweeping charge that has been brought against me of being an enemy to popular freedom."

In Afghanistan much better informed persons than Mr. Harney have fallen into the most ridiculous errors and misconceptions; so that it is still a disputed point in the political world whether an expedition beyond the Indus was politic or otherwise. That it was unskillfully conducted, because entrusted to incompetent hands and attended by extraordinary disasters, no one can, of course, deny. But that the disasters arose necessarily out of the policy we have always maintained to be absurd. We now find Lord Palmerston taking precisely the same view of the matter, and the reader must be hard to be convinced if his lordship's arguments produce no effect upon him.

"Mr. Harney says, too, that we behaved very ill in Afghanistan. We are charged with being the authors of a great and deplorable calamity in that country. It is perfectly true that a most afflicting catastrophe happened in the mountains of Afghanistan, and that several thousands of brave men, some of whom were British-born subjects of this country, and other British-born subjects of India, perished in the most melancholy and barbarous manner. But why was it we went into Afghanistan? It was because the King of Persia was threatening an inroad into Afghanistan, and, in conjunction with persons in authority there,

was evidently, and without the slightest disguise, contemplating the invasion of our eastern empire. Mr. Harney objects to the phrase 'our Indian empire,' and says there are many men in this country who have not a foot of land there, and to whom it is, therefore, a mockery to talk of 'our Indian empire.' I should like him to show me the country in which there are not some men who do not possess any land; his argument is applicable to every country in the earth under every form of society. England, however, does possess extensive territories in India, and they are of great importance to us, with regard to the commerce, the resources, and the prosperity of the empire. They are worth defending, and the mode of defending them, at the time of which I speak, was by going into Afghanistan—by deposing a sovereign who was an enemy, and by placing upon the throne instead, a sovereign upon whose friendship we considered we could rely. Well, the calamity to which Mr. Harvey alluded occurred, but how did it happen? Mr. Harvey has, I think, with somewhat bad taste, launched into most wounding, and, as I think, unfounded charges against the officers in the British army. I believe he is totally in error in supposing there is any foundation for such charges. British officers are men of honour; they behave gallantly in the field, and honourable in quarters; and further, disbelieve the statements upon which Mr. Harney founded his charge against the officers of our army in Afghanistan. I don't blame the Afghans for wishing to get rid of our troops. It was natural that they should do so. They told us "you must go;" we replied, "we are willing to go, only give us a safeguard through the mountain passes, and we will go as you wish." Was the agreement kept? No! The traitorous chief with whom it was made, under the pretence of escorting our confiding troops, only led them to destruction. When they had fairly got into the mountain passes, they were treacherously attacked, and were barbarously and inhumanly murdered. That was an act of treachery which I think might have elicited some expression of indignation from a man who professes to be so much imbued with a sympathy for humanity, and to be so much the friend of all classes of mankind. Those who sent that army into Afghanistan were as much the cause of the calamity I have alluded to as a man who builds a house is the cause of its being burnt down; or a man who builds a ship is the cause of its being wrecked in a storm. The calamity had nothing to do with the original expedition; and I believe if any of those generals who afterwards distinguished themselves in India, had been in their command, instead of a man who was suffering at the time from illness which had almost brought

him to the grave, that calamity in all probability would not have taken place. It was, then, in defence of our dominions that the original expedition took place, and we were no more blameable than Mr. Harney himself for that most afflicting calamity which two years afterwards befel the remnant of the conquering army. Mr. Harney also finds fault with the measures which were taken, not by us, but by our successors—to vindicate our national honour, and to avenge this act of base and perfidious treachery. These measures were taken by the Conservative Government which succeeded us, and I applaud them. I think they were right and proper, and whether right or wrong, they were taken by others and not by us; and though I am willing to share all the responsibility which attaches to approving these, my present colleagues and myself had no voice in their adoption."

On the Chinese war we extract the following passage:—

"The opium was smuggled into China in immense quantities, and the mandarins—who ought to have prevented its introduction—received a certain sum of money upon every chest for shutting their eyes and not seeing where it went to. This is the way with all your protective and prohibitory duties. Only prohibit the importation of any article which a people want, and men will be found to risk a great deal to bring it in; while there will be other men who will take a great deal for allowing it to come in! But these Chinese authorities suddenly turned round upon the men who had been their partners in this smuggling trade, and in order to extort money from them, required them to give up all the opium in their possession; and they took thirty or forty British merchants, along with the British consul, and shut them up, and plainly told them they should be starved unless they delivered up their stocks of opium. I have seen a handbill, which, as I was told, was a sort of bill of fare of the speech we were to expect from Mr. Harney, and there is in it some mention of Oliver Cromwell and the manner he used to deal with foreign governments. Now, I should like to know what Cromwell would have said if twenty or thirty British subjects and an officer of the Commonwealth had been shut up in limbo, and told they were to be starved. I know what he would have done. He would have stood no nonsense. This was what we did. We said—'This won't do; this is no go, gentlemen of China. You have extorted valuable property from British subjects by a threat of locking them up till they die of starvation. We call upon you to refund the value of what you have so improperly and illegally wrested from our subjects.' They refused, force was employed, and we brought

them to our terms. In this instance, at least, our policy was not attended with any expense. We said to the Chinese—'You have behaved very ill; we have had to teach you better manners; it has cost us something to do it, but we will send in our bill, and you must pay our charges.' That was done, and they have certainly profited by the lesson. They have become free-traders, too; they have allowed us to trade to additional places, and instead of shutting us up in one port at the great toe of the country, they have admitted us to other ports in the heart of the empire. The consequence has been a great increase in our trade with China; and when I tell you that, on the lowest calculation the Chinese empire contains 300,000,000 of people who want many articles of our manufacture, you will see that obtaining additional means of intercourse with so vast a population must in the end be attended with immense advantage to the working classes of this country."

The conclusion of the speech is as follows:—

"I was somewhat angry with my opponent for the last allusion he made, but I must acknowledge his general courtesy. I never will be angry at, or take amiss, any censure that may be passed on my public and political conduct. I defend it as I can. My defence will go for what it is worth; my constituents here, and the country generally, will judge whether my conduct has been right or wrong; and, strong in my own conscious rectitude, and in my own conviction that, in the course I have pursued, I have studied the enforcement of those principles of truth and justice to which I have consented, firmly convinced that, in the humble share which I have had in the administration of the foreign affairs of this country, I have contributed to the spread of constitutional liberty among foreign nations, and that there are many millions of mankind who are now happier, better, and more prosperous and contented, in consequence of the course which the Government of which I have been the organ has pursued, than they would otherwise have been, I fearlessly commit my cause to my old friends at Tiverton, and abide, without apprehension or uneasiness, the result of a poll, if a poll should be demanded by my opponent." (His lordship then retired amid loud and prolonged cheering.)

There is in this speech, as the reader will perceive, no attempt at rhetorical display. It is a succession of statements very skillfully connected, which would deserve to be called plain, were it not for the extraordinary vivacity which sparkles through them. The style is familiar, and distinguished for colloquial-

isms, which impart to it peculiar force. But notwithstanding this undress manner of speaking, the reader will not fail to remark the singular skill and facility with which Lord Palmerston wields the forces of the English language, of which no man living is a greater master. His speeches and state papers are models of a pure, elegant, and dramatic style; and if he wrote he would be ranked among the first authors in the language. This praise will appear extravagant to none but those who are unacquainted with his manner, or who are incapable of appreciating the power and sweetness which our mother tongue possesses in his hands. We wish all his speeches could be placed in a collective form before the public.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUTHFUL COMPANION OF THE AUTHOR'S.

Farewell, my friend—a long, a last farewell,  
Thy thread of life is cut, thy latest sand has run,

E'en as I write the horror-striking knell,  
Proclaims too soon thy earthly joys are done.  
From off life's tree another blossom fell,

Thy course is ended ere 'twas well begun;  
And we are left throughout forthcoming years  
To mark thy memory with our sighs and tears.

And yet why should we mourn?—for thou art blest,

For ever freed from care and earthly strife;  
No more shall grief thy placid brow molest,

Nor woes with which this gloomy world is  
Thy body sleeps, thy spirit is at rest, [rife;  
Thou leav'st a transient for an endless life,  
Where love's bright links no time nor tide can sever,

And thy pure soul shall spring and bloom for ever.

Look down upon us from thy heavenly sphere  
(That glorious world, the summer skies above),

And view a friend once to thy bosom dear,

Who longs to fly to thee and share thy love,  
To nestle in thy heart, or hover near,

And prove the depth of his undying love,  
Which not to death yields up its sacred trust,  
But, like the Phoenix, springs amid the dust.

Farewell, farewell! till life's swift rolling tide  
Hath swept us onward from its darken'd shore,

Till death's wide portals shall have opened wide

"To that dread bourne whence none returneth more"—

Then, casting thoughts of care and life aside,

Unto thy mansion will I quickly soar,  
In weal or woe, no matter where it be,  
So that my soul may dwell in peace with thee.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

No. III.

Paris, August 24.

There are here a large variety of places similar to our Vauxhall, well worthy of being visited. Among these are Mobille, Chateau-Rouge, Chateau de Fleurs, and Ranelagh. The garden of Mobille, which is very tasteful and elegant, with excellent ball-room, a splendid café, a good orchestra, &c., is always crowded. All classes visit it that can afford three francs a-head—ladies gratis. Persons of the first fashion, ladies of rank, peers, judges, members of parliament, in evening costume, with their wives, make it a fashionable promenade of the first order; but those who, for the most part, figure on the boards of the ball-room, are men of all ages, loose fish about town, youths aping valism, and ladies of an uncertain character, or rather of a very certain one. There are four or five celebrated dancers, known as Mogador, Taité, Triselle, Rigolette, and other recondite names; some of those whom the *National* describes as dancing at the late charity ball with Count Rambateau, prefect of the Seine, and the maire of the first arrondissement.

The garden of Mobille is situated in the Allée de Veuves, the scene of so many terrible events in Eugene Sue's "Mysteries of Paris," running out of the Champs Elysées. In outward appearance it is not at all remarkable, but the interior, on which 200,000 francs has recently been expended, is striking in the extreme—to a foreigner, however, it is the peculiar population of this Paris Vauxhall. He will here see young men who breakfast at five and dine at midnight; who retire to rest sometime after dawn, and rise towards sunset; who wear the ugliest coats and handsomest pantaloons in the world; who have the wildest head-dresses, the largest heads, and the most savage moustaches in existence. These nice young men are the lions of the locality, and have a vast opinion of their own merits, an idea which is least believed by those who know them best.

The dancing witnessed here is genuine. There is no walking and shuffling, all is active and sparkling, the police preventing it becoming any more. The hours of this locality are from 7 to 11.

The *Chateau des Fleurs*, at the extremity of the magnificent avenue of the Champs Elysées, is really worthy of being visited. It is a most graceful and elegant locality. Entered by a broad walk, you find yourself in a vast garden, the beds of which are covered by handsome and fragrant flowers; in the midst of these is a vast number of tapers, which show them off to advantage. Above, a mass of lamps, both of oil and gas, make the whole garden almost as light as day. In

front of a very fine and striking orchestra are more than a thousand chairs for the use of the company, during the concert of vocal and instrumental music which takes place on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. At the termination of the concert, which is of a very superior order, there is a very handsome display of fireworks which seems to set the whole garden on fire. Refreshments are provided at a fixed and moderate rate, and, as everywhere else in France, smoking is allowed. The charge for admission is 10d. or 1s., according to the night. Sunday is the cheap day.

The *Chateau Rouge* is a very fine garden, comprising both ball, concert, and fireworks. It is now the favourite resort of the Parisians, and cannot fail to repay the examination of those who are curious in these amusements. The admission varies from two to five francs. It was here that the great democratic banquet was held, which in conjunction with Lamartine's book, has set all France thinking of her great revolution.

The really fashionable resort of the *beau monde* is, however, Enghien, distant about ten miles from Paris. There are here mineral baths, a ball-room, a park of a most delicious character, a lake, shooting galleries, and everything to attract the lover of pleasure. Grand *fetes* take place here on Sundays and Wednesdays, when special trains start from seven to nine, every quarter of an hour down, and eleven to one up, by the *Chemin de Fer du Nord*. This is a most exquisite locality, and being quite in the country draws an immense crowd, to the great satisfaction of the railway company. Yesterday there was a semi-masked ball, attended by all there is of rank and fashion in Paris—if we except those whom the atrocious murder of Fanny Sebastiani, Duchess of Choiseul-Praslin have plunged into desolation. The whole capital is gloomy, this stupendous crime having caused a sensation unparalleled since the murder of the Duke de Berri; with the difference that all ranks and parties now sympathise with the victim.

Our letter would necessarily be imperfect without some account of this horrible catastrophe. From the highest to the lowest the utmost consternation prevails, mingled with indignation at the murderer. The French metropolis is in the greatest possible state of excitement. In the heart of the city, in the suburbs, in the palaces, all alike are filled with anxiety to obtain the most minute information on the subject. Crowds at all hours of the day may be seen in the *faubourg St. Honoré*, where the entrance to the Marshal Sebastiani's house is situated, and in the avenue Gabrielle, whence a distant view of the hotel can be obtained; all eagerly discoursing upon the distressing circumstance. At night the same spectacle presents itself,

multitudes throng in vast streams up and down the street, or stand in groups with eyes riveted upon the walls of the scene of the murder, as if these silent witnesses could thus be induced to speak, mysteriously venturing to each other suggestions and speculations, mingled with expressions of pity for the unfortunate Duchess, thus in comparative youth cut off from the society of her relatives and children, and that, too, by the hand which should have protected her. It was not without reluctance that the conviction of the guilt of the Duke was suffered to enter into the mind of the public, who refused to believe that a man occupying so exalted a position, enjoying the benefits of education, and contact with the most polished society his country affords, could in this dastardly and revolting a manner commit so cold-blooded an act. The mere fact of a wife being murdered by her husband is not the cause of surprise, because, unhappily, instances of such occurrences are frequently related in the columns of our daily newspapers, as the actions of a lower order, perpetrated in moments of ungovernable passion, or by those in whom the instincts of virtue are comparatively dead.

But the present is an unparalleled instance of atrocity, for which the past affords no example; and it excites a pardonable degree of wonder that one raised above the humbler classes by rank, and enjoying all the privileges of education and improvement and elevation in the moral scale it affords, should indulge in the commission of such a crime. In the excitement of the discovery of a bitter wrong, a husband has been provoked to express his indignation in various ways; but rarely—we may say, never—has he lifted his hand against his wife's life. Othello, the Moor, smothers his victim; but the Duke of Praslin murders his innocent wife by stabs and blows. The Duchess's character is, however, pure and unstained; her husband professed not the slightest cause of provocation, no shadow of jealousy influenced him. On the contrary, he himself is the offending party; and in order, probably, to clear the way for another duchess, or less worthy associate, he would seem to have performed the crime which ought, undoubtedly, to bring upon him the utmost penalty of the law. We are assuming, as a matter of course, the guilt of the Duke de Praslin, for from the admissions of the culprit, his manner, and the unimpeachable evidence brought against him, a doubt cannot exist upon the subject. No pains have been spared by the French authorities to arrive at a just conclusion, the most active research, unwearied vigilance, prompt measures, instant inquiries, have been used in order to clear the matter up. Not an evening paper can be procured, such is the eagerness manifested by all persons; and the whole population is looking anxiously for-

ward to the statement of the trial, at which the whole truth must eventually appear. In order to understand the motives which urged the duke, we must carry our readers a little back into the history of the Praslin family.

In the year 1625 the duke married Fanny, daughter of Horace Sebastiani, a woman of strikingly elegant manners, amiable and charitable, and possessing a most affectionate disposition, on whom all the poor and sick of of her neighbourhood looked with the greatest respect and affection. No information of any previous disturbances in the internal economy of their family have reached us. From all that appears the greatest harmony prevailed. Six years ago the duchess engaged as governess for her children Madlle. Luzy, who, in the course of her residence with them, continued to engage the attention of the duke, who carried on an intrigue with her, which at length was accidentally discovered by the duchess a few months ago. She expostulated with her husband upon his conduct, and some violent scenes occurred. Henceforward the peace of the family was broken up. The duchess resolved to obtain a divorce, but, for the sake of her children, she consented to abandon the project. Continual domestic disagreements, however, were observed, and the friends of the lady frequently came forward and exerted themselves to effect a reconciliation. The Marshal Sebastiani, an aged man, interposed, and induced them with powerful arguments to forget the past, and live on terms of amity. The highest persons in the kingdom assisted with their endeavours, and an outward reconciliation was effected. The Marshal Sebastiani quitted Paris for Geneva, which he had refused to do until the affair was satisfactorily arranged, and the Duchess de Praslin dismissed the governess who had been the cause of her misfortunes, with a pension for life. Madlle. Luzy was heard to mutter threats against her benefactor, and to declare that she should "*pay dearly for her dismissal.*"

Thus far matters seemed to promise fair. Outwardly, all went on well in the Hotel de Praslin, and few signs of the approaching calamity could be discerned. The duke, however, pertinaciously continued his former conduct, and disputes again took place between the husband and wife, living separate under the same roof. They went, however, to their country seat together, and returned to Paris after a short absence. It is said that, quitting the carriage in which he had been accompanied to town by the duchess, he left her to pay another visit to Mdlle. Luzy, then staying at a young ladies' school. This was on Tuesday, and whether this circumstance caused another dissension between the husband and his injured wife, on his return, is not known. Certain it is, however, that he

had doomed that night to be her last. No news of a quarrel, if any occurred, has come to us. All we learn is that each returned to the hotel. Many of the servants were abroad by permission, on visits to their relations and friends. The duchess, after seeing her children put to bed, fatigued by her late journey, and full of another which was projected for the morrow—which was not to come to her—retired early to rest, and by degrees the whole household followed her example.

The Hotel de Sebastiani presents, on the Faubourg St. Honoré, a very narrow facade, composed of the entrance door sustained by two columns and of a small apartment on the right serving for the *concierge*. Passing through this, we come to a long avenue, at the end of which the real facade develops itself. The back of the hotel overlooks the gardens which extend to the direction of the Champs Elysees. The apartments occupied by the duchess are ascended to by a flight of six steps, and the windows of the bed-chamber also open upon the gardens.

Perfect quiet reigned in the hotel, the lights were extinguished, the whole establishment seemed buried in profound sleep, and lastly, the *concierge*, thinking his duty also at an end, himself went to bed. The murderer, however, still remained awake, revolving his cowardly project in his mind, and watching for the proper moment, the stillest hour of the night, to steal upon his victim unawares. He had evidently premeditated the act; it was no hasty step, no rash thought of the moment, but a cool, calculated, though ill-devised plan of proceeding. The duchess lay calmly asleep, as her room, illumined by the faint light of a night lamp, which seemed to reveal only the more immediate objects surrounding it, and to leave the further corners of the chamber buried in profound darkness. The slumber was deep, as she lay unconscious of the danger that was approaching—probably dreaming of her children, to whom she was so attached, and for whose sake she had unconsciously exposed herself to her present peril, and therefore heard not the stealthy approach of the murderer as, quietly entering, he neared the bed where she lay. No sentiment of repentance touched him as he bent over her, armed with the knife destined for her destruction—no recollection that she was the mother of his children; that through long years they had lived happily together, moved him; he resolutely raised his arm, and plunged the weapon in her neck. The first movement the unfortunate duchess made, thus awakened from her quiet slumbers, was naturally to raise both her hands to remove the source of her pain. But as opening her eyes she perceived her husband, she sprang from the bed, and with her wounded hand attempted to ring the bell. He had



previously cut the rope of that suspended near the bed, she sought, therefore, to reach another by the fire-side. Armed, naturally, with powerful strength, though almost fainting from loss of blood, a fearful struggle ensued, in the desperate desire to save a life rendered dear to her by a thousand recollections of her father, her children, and her friends. The duchess seemed to be endowed with supernatural vigour, until overcome with the stabs and blows she had received, she sank weak and despairingly upon the ground, after having contrived at last to reach and ring the bell. Her death summons was answered. In the stillness reigning through the hotel the sound of the bell rang clearly and awakened the *femme de chambre*, who slept above. Startled at the unusual occurrence—for it was then past four o'clock—she roused herself from slumber, and hastily rising ran to the apartment of the duchess. The door was locked; she tried in vain to open it; she called, received no answer; she listened attentively, and thought she heard from within a faint groan; then all was still. Alarmed and anxious, she called her fellow servants to her help, and by their united efforts the door was at length broken open. For a moment, paralysed with horror, they stood gazing at the scene. Lying in the middle of the floor, surrounded with a pool of blood, lay the duchess, to all appearance dead. Around her the furniture gave traces of the deadly struggle which had occurred. The rich decorations, the splendid silk curtains, the sweeping drapery, the mirrors, the paintings, and the luxury around, presented an awful contrast to the remains of the crime. Tables overturned, the remains of broken china scattered about, the stained drapery, the marks of bloody hands upon the wall, tufts of hair being here and there upon the floor, the sheets spotted and marked with gore. When recovered from the momentary state of awe into which they had been cast by the scene, the servants rushed forward to raise their mistress; some ran hither and thither for medical assistance, others for magistrates; through the whole hotel the alarm spread quickly, the husband was called, he came, threw himself upon the body, embraced it, and, along with others, sought to restore the life which was fast and surely ebbing away. She died in a few minutes, without uttering a single word.

When the first burst of horror had subsided, recollection and reason returned upon the minds of all, and each person began next to inquire—"Who is the murderer?" Glances were exchanged, painful doubts arose, and numerous trivial circumstances, till then unnoticed, returned upon the mind of the servants then hastily summoned together. They dared not, as yet, give bold utterance to their suspicion, dared not openly reveal their imaginings; but through the

hotel whispered evidence, rapidly disseminated, fixed the duke as the murderer of his wife. One, in coming up the back way, remembers to have seen a figure resembling the duke opening a window, and then gliding hastily back; another recalled a man engaged in washing his hands, and wiping stains from his dressing-gown; and as the first examination of justice proved that no robbery had been committed, that no person had had egress or ingress to the hotel besides the members of the family, suspicion quickly settled upon the duke, who was immediately put under arrest, and a search commenced in his apartments. It was whispered indeed that M<sup>lle</sup>. Luzy, in the disguise of a man, in the first outbreak of horror, caused by the hearing of the murder, had glided from the hotel. A small quantity of water, tinged with blood, was found in a basin, in a chimney, with the remains of burnt paper, linen, and a silk handkerchief. A piece of silk lace marked with blood, spots upon the Duke's dressing gown, his hands covered with stains, which the servant indeed found him seeking to wash off, when he came to call him to the scene of the murder. Some hair found in the duchess's hand, torn from a human head in her struggles, was compared with the duke's, and found exactly to suit it. He was, besides, wounded in the hand by the poignard of which he made use (though this was not at first perceived, until one of the magistrates' suspicion was aroused by seeing him wear gloves during the examination). Questioned as to his proceedings during the night, he gave improbable and suspicious answers, and buried his face in his hand, to avoid the distressing inquiries. A pistol, loaded with ball, covered with rich armorial bearings, was found near Madame de Praslin, and on her head were the marks of blows, which were indented by the silver carving. Afraid to fire because of the report, he must have completed his work by stunning her. It was ascertained that the wounds inflicted by the knife were not mortal. The poignard has just been discovered by those appointed by the magistrates to search the sink. The sheath was burnt white; the silver mountings were thrown into the garden, where they were afterwards found. On searching the duke it was discovered that he wore between his shirt and braces a cord similar to that which in former times in England, and now in France, was used for the purpose of suspending the powder horn from the shoulder. His explanations for wearing this cord were exceedingly confused. The belief with many persons is that he intended to strangle her, had he found her in a fit position.

The duke attempted poison the next day, and now shows every sign of fear, or of remorse.

The examination was rapidly proceeded

with. The magistrates were occupied till ten o'clock on Wednesday night in the hotel, and returned again on Thursday. Articles were seized, the premises examined, investigation entered into, and not one circumstance discovered throws any doubt upon the fact that the duke is the murderer.

His apartments were on the same floor; by an anti-chamber opening on the flight of steps there is a communication on the left with the boudoir, then with the duchess's bedroom; at the right a little room precedes the bedroom of the duke, which touches the walls of the Elysée Bourbon. On examination a bloody track was discerned marking the passage from the room of the duchess to that of the duke.

M<sup>d</sup>le. Luzy has been conveyed to the Conciergerie, her papers seized, and every endeavour will be made to ascertain in how far she was connected with the transaction. It is not advisable to implicate the innocent without examination, but one assertion is that this person will be found to be more seriously implicated than at first would appear. Our suspicion is aroused—and we cannot refrain from expressing it—that she was the instigator in part to the dreadful deed—probably in the house at the time of its commission. Such, indeed, was the rumour. She has several children by the duke, and, in all likelihood, was prevailing on him to make way for her own elevation to the rank of duchess. We may be wrong—we trust so.

The duke is now in the prison of the Luxembourg, and is in a complete state of prostration. The trial will come on in a few days, and we trust to see him condemned to the punishment he deserves, and that no false accusation of madness, no consideration of rank, position, friends, connexion, or anything else will be suffered to shield him from the just reward of his most horrible crime.

P.S.—The Duke of Praslin is dead! Since writing the above letter we have discovered such to be the case. He took a large dose of arsenic, which put an end to his existence at five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. It is needless to remark upon the culpable *negligence*, if negligence it be—which has thus permitted the ends of justice to be defeated, and prevented an example being made of a criminal of high rank. How the arsenic contrived to be overlooked in the searching scrutiny of the magistrates, it is of course impossible to conjecture. It is at the same time difficult to discover upon whom the blame rests. Further inquiry should be made into the matter. Many interesting particulars have transpired, letters have been found, with a packet addressed to the duke by his wife, to be opened after his death; and also the blade of the poignard. Our space does not permit us to enlarge upon them now. The murderer has gone to his last account, without

having confessed his guilt; of which, however, no doubt can possibly exist in the mind of any man.

### STREET POETRY.

BY JOHN EDMUND READE.

#### THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

Mid-day glared down the hot and populous Strand.

The reek of mist, and smoke, and human breath

Of myriads rising, hung a canopy  
Above. The unhived city swarmed beneath,  
And the enormous mass of struggling life,  
On-sweeping restlessly in jostling strife,  
Rolled its huge tides exultingly along.

Beside the Temple Gate I took my stand,  
Marking the same though ever varying throng,

Each with quick step, knit brow, and anxious eye,

Hurrying to overtake the eternal hour  
Gone on before them—motived each by power  
Of habit, that was fate, which they obeyed,  
Fanatics to the idol they had made.

A moment—a brief moment, on the way  
A pauper's funeral came; none moved aside  
In reverence to show that did not hide  
The truth; a burden was relieved, and they,  
The pall-bearers, strode on to cast their clay,  
Their piece of chartered immortality,  
Into a hole in the ground. Two walked be-

hind,  
Wife, child, of him who in the workhouse died.

If natural drops had fallen from her eye,  
Grief for long habits broken, they were dried;  
Sour discontent and hardened apathy  
Wrinkled their brows alike; they had be-

come  
Cynics in hatred, the philosophy  
Branded alike on hearts of youth and age.  
The boy walked by her, led; his part  
assigned,

To beg their steps while passing to the tomb,  
To use that show, and, with wisdom sage,  
To gather spoils from opportunity.

At times the child, his task forgetting, ceased  
The whine, and, nature for a while released,  
He stared with lustreless eyes on all they met.

Brief respite! the quick, sudden cry be-  
trayed—

With something in its tone of pain and fears  
Remembered—the close gripe was on him  
laid,

Warning no more his duty to forget,  
To earn his bread still salted with his tears.

## REVIEWS.

*The Love Test, and other Tales and Poems.*

By A. Lambert. London: Hurst, 1847.

There are in this volume some pieces of an exquisite nature, which bespeak the author to be possessed of no ordinary poetic talent. There is a freshness and vigour in the language; a buoyancy and elasticity of mind breathes through the verses, which cannot fail to charm the reader, and lead him a willing captive from the first page to the last. Yet this little volume is not one to be read once through, and then set aside. On the contrary, there are poems in it which may be taken up again and again, and read with much delight. There are some very powerful pictures scattered here and there; some licences which might approach to the extravagant. But who will venture to dispute with the poet the right to shed the greatest halo of his imagination over the verses which are the production of his pen? What else is it that sheds that charm over his writings which makes us seek poetry as a refreshing spring, when wearied by the more important duties and affairs of life, worn out by cares of state, by discussions upon the probable future destiny of nations, by political squabbles, intrigues of men, discords, and a thousand other jarring events, and look on it as something which will restore the even tenor of our minds, and still the turmoil of our breasts by its soothing influence? The aim of poetry is to refresh the mind, and fill it with higher and nobler feelings than can be attained by an everlasting research into the regions of prose. There is a fascination in the creations of a true poet's mind which make us hang enraptured over his lines, and draw a kind of inspiration thence. We love the images his fancy has portrayed; we delight to revel in the results of his secluded vigils and lonely studies, and find ourselves afterwards benefited by the companionship we have had.

Mr. Lambert has a very poetical mind; and his fancy suggests to him many similes and images of extreme novelty, which he has moulded into verse with much elegance and ease. There is an absence of that entire dependence upon art, too often observable, which chills all poetry over which it presides like the touch of death. It destroys the beauty of the effect, and deadens our sympathies. We are far from asserting that poetry ungoverned by all rules of art is to be admired. Far from it. We allude to those modern geniuses who have imagined that a great display of their knowledge of the art of versification will compensate for the want of originality in ideas, of fancy, of imagination. We admire the true poet, who can bring his thoughts into the nice confines of art, much more than the man who writes ungoverned by such fetters; but we must confess we

would prefer the free, bounding liberty of the untaught poet of imagination, to the forced production of the exquisite in art, who brings alone his reason to bear upon his writings, without any aid of fancy, or originality of conception.

We are, however, all this time treading upon dangerous ground, and forgetting the work before us. We admire the minor pieces infinitely more than the long poem, from which the work takes its name. Mr. Lambert writes better when embodying his own ideas in verse than when he has a long tale to tell. Still, in the "Love Test," there are passages of great beauty; though there are, also, lines less forcible than we could have wished to see. Some verses are quite in the old ballad style; and remind us, sometimes, of "Alonso the Brave and the Fair Imogene." The conclusion, however, is thus:—

"A year hath passed, and gently hushed to rest  
An infant smiles upon its mother's breast.  
Tears are seen glistening in the father's eyes—  
Those dim-bright mirrors of old memories.  
Far o'er the past his mind in vision ranged;  
She he so worshipped from his heart estranged,  
Once more approaches, with those tears of shame,  
Breathing, in accents of remorse, his name.  
Then to the present, as his spirit turned,  
To smile on her he had at one time spurned,  
A thought within him that had slumbered woke  
In which the experience of a life time spoke.  
The sapling bends beneath the wintry blast,  
The seed unripened, rots and dies at last;  
The flower will wither where no rays have shone;  
Cold grows the heart when love and hope are gone;  
Words which the loved one's voice made sweet to hear,  
Strange lips can darken to the mourner's ear;  
Streams, that in summer beautifully flow,  
'Neath the seared leaves of Autumn darkly show.  
How can it soar in prison, the poor bird?  
Its pinions fettered, can its song be heard?  
The form to-day so beautiful that bloomed,  
Lies cold to-morrow in the earth entombed;  
A fragile vessel—a tempestuous sky—  
How can it struggle with the storm, nor die?  
Truth cannot wear heaven's vesture, nor put on  
The hues of Egypt beneath a darkened sun:  
Virtue's fair blossoms need a genial clime—  
The heart that's dead to joy will callous grow to crime."

There are other pieces of great beauty in the volume. The following, on the death of a Roman Catholic lady, is in some parts very exquisite.

"Lo! where the glimmering taper's lustre shed,  
Its death's array,  
In solemn silence o'er the slumbering dead  
Wends its slow way!  
See, on the coffin they have placed a flower;—  
It is not real—  
Image and earnest of a deathless power,  
As yet ideal!  
Whose is that form in death's cold mantle shrouded?  
Tranquil and holy  
Was her young life by sorrow's shade unclouded  
That now lies lowly.  
Yet boast not, Death, thy dark and withering power!  
The life to come  
Was her sole hope that from life's earliest hour  
Was deaf and dumb.  
It was a lovely one—her life—a dream  
In a long night!  
While bird and bee and radiant things did gleam  
In the glad light;  
She could not hear their music—she could hear  
Nor the winds sigh,

Nor the brooklet murmuring, nor feel the tear  
 In ecstasy.  
 Wakened by sounds allied to memory,  
 Which a slight thing,  
 In the lone hour of thought and reverie,  
 Will often bring!  
 Shall we then say 'twas useless, and regret  
 That the All-Seeing  
 To this poor deaf dumb girl, whose sun is set,  
 Gave soul and being?  
 For her all-lovely spirit shall we think  
 That all was night?  
 She could not from the bright stars fall to drink  
 Eternal light!  
 She could not gaze on ocean, and not face  
 Magnificence!  
 Nor on the loveliest flower forget to trace  
 Beneficence!  
 There is a truth which none can fail to know,  
 'Tis broad and plain:  
 No living thing that on the earth doth grow  
 Is made in vain!"

We cannot extract more, or we should select several as specimens wherewith to present our readers, and among them "The Youth's Presentiment of Blindness," "The Poet's Funeral," "Why is it?" "The Dying One," passages in "The Haunted Room," a beautiful piece named "Constancy," and portions of "The Mother and Child." "The Regret," an exquisite poem, we would especially recommend to attention. "Light and Darkness" is a very fine conception.

Upon the whole, we trust we have said enough to convince the public of our great admiration for the poems of Mr. Lambert, which are full of vigour, beauty, and originality.

*Military Service and Adventures in the Far East; including sketches of the Campaigns against the Affghans in 1839, and the Sikhs in 1845-6.* By a Cavalry Officer. 2 vols. London: Ollier, 1847.

It has been for many years a kind of reproach to the public that they take but little interest in foreign affairs. If an author desire to address the million, he must carefully eschew those subjects. Is it because our foreign relations are destitute of interest? Certainly not; but it is on account of the opaque film of ignorance which is spread over the eyes of most of our countrymen, rendering whatever relates to our colonies or possessions unreadable. But this is no reason why this state of things should continue. Already there yearly issues from the press a number of excellent works designed to spread a knowledge of foreign countries amongst all classes; and this stream, rapidly augmenting in volume, begins to receive encouragement.

India has always been a favoured land. There every product of nature appears to attain its greatest beauty and most magnificent proportions. Our empire has arisen in the most extraordinary manner, and a handful of Englishmen keep in subjection a vast and sometimes a hostile population. Our fame has spread to the remotest coasts of the Asiatic continent, and our power is respected by every nation, however great, and every tribe,

however insignificant. The present volumes treat of two important eras in the history of British India. Our Cavalry Officer it will be soon seen is of the "go-ahead" school—he plunges immediately into his subject, without tiring our patience by long reflections. Arriving off the Hooghly river, our author, taking advantage of a short delay, lands, and commences his Indian career by an unsuccessful shooting expedition. Then, ascending the river, he approaches the capital of British India, and describes it in a very graphic manner.

Leaving the city of palaces, the author journeyed onwards towards the upper north-western provinces, and visited the Himalayah mountains, whose loftiest peak he describes as above 27,000 feet above the level of the sea. From these scenes of comparative quiet he was called away to join in the expedition preparing against Dost Mahomed, which had the design of re-establishing Shah Sujah on the throne of Cabul. Into the question of the merits of the expedition we have no intention to enter; merely observing that we disagree with the author, who conceives we had no right to invade Affgharistan. On one point, however, we coincide with him. We think that the English acted unwisely in attempting to place the Shah on the musnad; we should have taken the country for ourselves. The only vulnerable point of our position is the north-west; for every invader must pass through the mountainous range lying beyond the Indus. How often have we heard it argued that the passes are safe in the hands of the hill tribes. But how erroneous is this reasoning; they have never offered any effective impediment to the career of a conqueror from the days of Alexander the Great to our own time. If force cannot obtain the key of the door, gold can. How preposterous it appears to be for us to possess the house, and leave the gate in the hands of our enemies.

After crossing the Indus, our author marched with the army to Shikarpore, through the Bolan pass to Quetta, and from thence to Ghuzni. The opposition the English army met with was trifling, until they arrived at that fortress. Previously they had been only disturbed by a few forays of the mountain tribes. However, when they approached Ghuzni, they found that the Affghans were determined to have one fight.

Having taken this strong hold, the English army advanced to the attack of Dost Mohammed, whose army, disheartened by our daring approach, rapidly dwindled away. Shah Sujah was soon reinstated in his former position, and the principal portion of the British army withdrew. Few events of great public importance occurred before the author's departure from Cabul. In his journey towards India, he traversed the Khyber

pass, Peshawur, and the Sikh territories. With his arrival at cantonments the first volume concludes. It displays throughout evidences of an uncommon quickness and vigour of intellect. His narrative is replete with amusing anecdotes, and lively and graphic sketches of men and manners. His observations are in general apt, and prove that he has investigated the subject. We say in general, for we were surprised to read the manner in which he treats the "Russo Phobia," as he is pleased to call it. It is improper to give only the difficulties of the passage as a sufficient reason for preventing invasion. If our author will be at the pains to investigate history, he will find they have never prevented the advance of an enemy. No theory alone holds good here—we must look to facts. Our author confesses that Russia has been intriguing, and we can assure him that she possesses the will, if not the power, to make a fearful inroad into our territories; but with Afghanistan in our hands, it would be impossible.

We have dwelt at such length on the first volume, that we must pass briefly over the second. It enters into a detailed account of the recent war on the Sutlej, and describes with vigour the various actions in which our armies were engaged. You follow with untiring attention the movements of our armies, which first checked, and ultimately overthrew the most desperate enemy with which we have for some time contended. In the military observations of the "Cavalry Officer" we entirely concur; throughout he displays great scientific knowledge, and we have no doubt of his ultimate success in that profession of which he is evidently an ornament. "Military service in the East" is the most amusing, if not the most voluminous history of the Afghan and Sikh war that has appeared.

## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

### FUNERAL OF HUSSEIN BEY.

I was unable last month to give you an account of the obsequies of Hussein Bey, one of the sons of Mohammed Ali, and I now proceed to do so. As you will have heard, he died at Paris, and his remains were brought to Alexandria on the 21st of last month, by the French steamer *Osiris*. As the vessel entered the port an awkward attempt was made to imitate the minute-guns of Europeans; but after a short time the firing became quite irregular, warming at length into a series of broadsides and running volleys from all the fleet and batteries, exactly as on the occasion of a great victory, or other public rejoicing. I believe that this is the first time that powder has been expended in this country as a sign of grief, it being against the Mahomedan creed to exhibit any such vain sign of sorrow. For the first time, also, were the

flags in the men-of-war, and on the bastions and towers and fortresses which now surround Alexandria hoisted half-mast high, a great innovation, pre-signifying the near downfall of Islamism!

It would be amusing, though, perhaps, out of place, to report the various discussions among the ulemas and ariz men as to the proprieties and decencies to be observed. The case was an anomalous one. A true believer dying in a foreign land, amidst rampant infidels, seemed not likely, even though accompanied by a Sheikh, to have escaped all defilement. Did the body require or not a fresh purification? This question and many others had occupied the Alexandrian sages for many days previous to the arrival of the steamer; and raged with renewed vigour during the evening of the 21st. The matter was compromised by opening the coffin and ascertaining the identity of the corpse. Perhaps also a few prayers and verses of the Koran were recited on the occasion.

The funeral took place on the morning of the 22nd. It was a curious sight to behold, and almost all Alexandria turned out. The procession started amidst frequent salvos of artillery, from the palace at Razetin, about eight o'clock, and consisted of about four thousand soldiers, and six thousand other people. First came the officers of the army and navy, the effendis, the beys, and the relatives of the deceased. Among these last was Said Pasha, his half-brother, who, in spite of his enormous bulk, walked the whole way, a distance, perhaps, of above two miles. When the Pasha's daughter died, some years ago, the vigorous old man himself preceded her on foot to the grave, and it was chiefly in order to avoid this fatiguing, and at his age really dangerous duty, that he absented himself from Alexandria as soon as he heard of his son's death. Merchants and officials of various descriptions followed in irregular masses; then came a group of stumbling and laughing urchins, celebrating the greatness of God; then persons bearing Korans, covered with silk veils; then incense-burners; then priests and ulemas, and then the remains of the young prince, carried by eight men. A tarboosh mounted on a strolchane three feet long, rising from the head of an extremely plain bier, alone marked the rank of the deceased. The higher this is raised the greater the dignity of the deceased is supposed to have been. It was said that the shawl thrown over the bier was of great value; but its colours were dull and the patterns by no means striking.

Behind the corpse followed the aged Mohassan Bey on a mule, and a crowd of consuls and European merchants, who must have suffered considerably from the heat, as they paced slowly along the white and exposed road from the palace to the *Koru-el-Dyk*. They



thought it right to pay this tribute of personal respect to the Pasha, though, of course, the entrance of the tomb was interdicted.

And now came a disgusting and barbarous sight—the *distribution of alms*! A man on horseback, surrounded by soldiers and carvasses, armed with sticks, scattered five and ten para pieces, with a broad sweep of his hand, among a ferocious rabble several thousands in number. Every time he threw, the fellows who accompanied him to keep the peace, made a rush into the crowd and began dealing terrific blows around, in order to cool the avarice of those villainous objects of charity; who, on their side, wielding huge bludgeons, each endeavoured to clear a place about him that he might pick up the halfpence on the sand. At one place I saw soldiers beating back the people with the butt-ends of their muskets, and snatching up the money themselves. Severe wounds are often given on similar occasions; and on this many injuries were inflicted, and at least one person was knocked down and trampled to death. No one can conceive the ferocity exhibited who does not know the passionate love, nay adoration, which the Arab feels for money. It is his thought by day, and his dream by night; and, without exaggeration, nine-tenths of their conversation turn on this all-absorbing topic. The most eager are not the most poor. I question whether there was a single beggar, a single person in want, among the throng of howling ruffians who were endangering their own lives, and periling those of others, in this loathsome scene, during which each man could not expect to get more than a penny.

On arriving at the tomb, the corpse, accompanied by an indiscriminate throng, was borne in, and various recitations and prayers commenced. Meanwhile, a vast multitude remained without, many of them reposing under the shade of trees in a neighbouring garden, waiting for the distribution of food that invariably takes place on such occasions. Ten buffaloes and a number of sheep were slaughtered, cooked on the spot and distributed. There were also fifty camel loads of water, and as many of bread and dates. With these materials the feasting and merry-making, for such in reality it was, were kept up until mid-day, when most persons dispersed to their homes with aching bones and replete stomachs. For a week afterwards, however, at all hours of the night and day, both men and women visited the tomb; and on the "night of Friday," what we should call Thursday night, an immense number went, among others all the ulemas and priests. It was a striking sight to behold them return between midnight and day-break, dotting the "plain," or great square, with their costumes, and keeping up as loud a huzza as you hear in the most crowded bazaar.

ALEXANDRIA.

## THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

The thermometer has lately taken extraordinary freaks into its head, jumping up from 70 to 75, and then to 80, and then to 85; then down to 80, and then up to 90, and then to 95, and then to 102—in the shade, mind. In the sun it has been 122 and 130! Moreover, this is not a day heat. The air is charged with damps, and everything feels clammy, as if covered with dew. I believe I have been in a continual perspiration for the last fortnight. The other day I and Mr. L. were driven to desperation by the heat, and determined to go on a Quixotic expedition, along the sea shore, *in search of fresh cool air*. So off we went, a long pipe in each hand, and a bottle of beer under the darkey-boy's shirt. I suppose I had drunk two quarts of water that day, all of which had passed off in perspiration. We were so fortunate as to make the discovery that, by going a few hundred yards beyond the usual stopping place, we came to a little point of rock running into the sea. This afforded a small scrap of shade; so we turned our back to the Pharos, and, with a little nook of water before us, began to smoke our pipes, talk, and take every now and then a sip of beer. Mr. L. pulled off shoes and stockings, and put his feet into the water to be cooled by the dashing of the wavelets. I amused myself making a breakwater of stones and sand in a strait between the rock and the shore. Thus we spent two or three pleasant hours, and returned home with a good appetite for dinner at 7 P.M.

I have just been interrupted by a little girl coming into my room to have a *chat*. She begins:—

"O devil!"

I answer, "O Afreet!"

"What are you doing, O pig!"

"Writing, O *she dog*!"

"You accursed one!" she replies, throwing her tarboosh at me, and nearly upsetting my ink-bottle. Then I launch out—

"May filth be thrown in your face! May an ass put out your eye with his hoof! Curse your mother! Curse your aunt! Curse your uncle! Curse your brother! Curse your sister! Curse your race!"

To which she retorts, "Child of sin! May you be struck dumb! May you be beaten till your blood is spilt! Father of filth! Dog! Son of a pig! Ass! Camel! Beast! Son of a Sheitan!"

Then I say to her, "Oh, my heart and my eye! I conjure you, by your father and your mother, to give me a shisheh and a cup of coffee."

And she says, "I am not your servant. Oh, mother Sinjun has cursed you, and wants a shisheh!"

This little wretch is *not* six years old!

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